Congress and the Assassinations

Saturday Review

February 19, 1977

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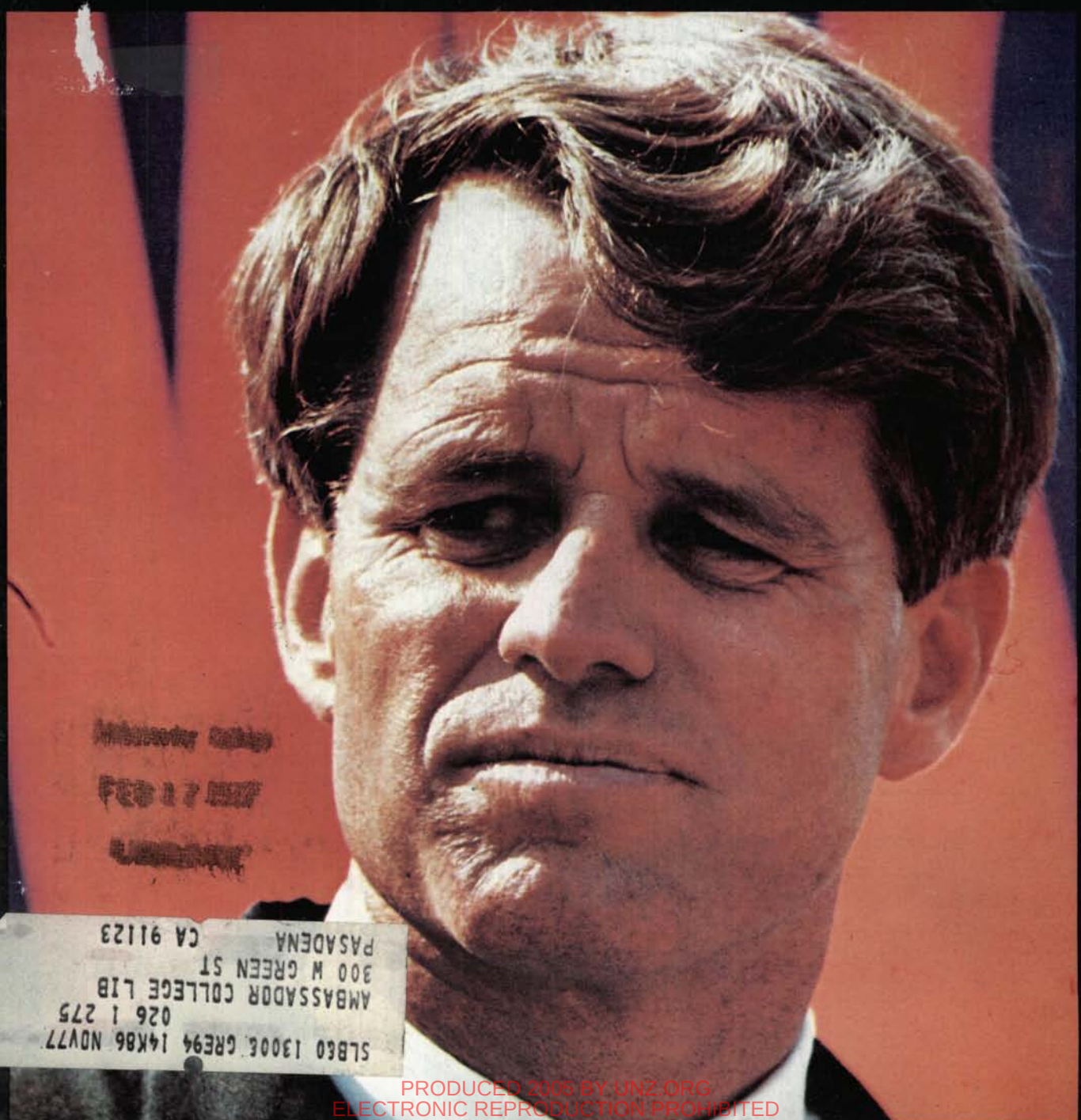
The Murder of Robert Kennedy

Suppressed Evidence of More than One Assassin?



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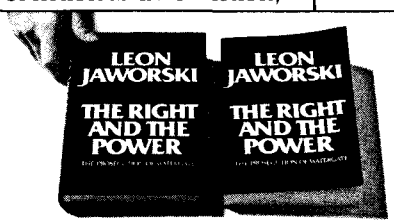

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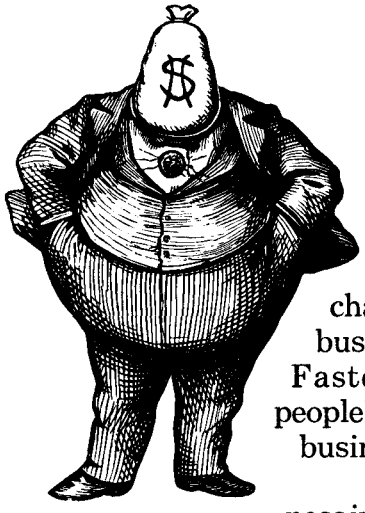
Too many people believe business doesn't give a damn about the public.



Minds are tough to change.

Times *do* change, though. And business is changing. Faster than a lot of people's attitudes toward business.

American business invests more money very year in strenuous efforts to communicate he benefits of competitive enterprise. (Including ads like this one.)

Yet survey after survey shows that ublic sentiment is against big business.

This suggests to us a communications roblem. And a credibility problem.

It also suggests some possible corective steps toward more effective communiations with the public.

First, let's stop talking mostly to urselves.

Let's stop resorting to one-sided arguments that thoughtful adults are no longer willing to accept on faith.

Let's stop pretending that there aren't any flaws at all in our system, and the way it works.

Instead, let's face up to our mistakes, and correct them. Admit that we're not perfect. And engage in open discourse instead of arm-twisting diatribes.

Since public opinion is ultimately the controlling force in our democracy, an informed public is really one of the costs of staying in business.

Thus there may be only one way for business to restore its credibility. And that's to tell it like it is.

It's definitely worth a try.

(Why not try these thoughts out on somebody who's turned off by business?)

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What the President Needs

"President Eisenhower almost sounded as though he thought he would be in a stronger position to work for peace from his farm in Gettysburg than from the Oval Office."

SOME newspaper editorialists have remarked on the similarity between Secretary Kissinger's final public statement on national security and President Eisenhower's farewell address warning against the growing power of the military-industrial complex.

Henry Kissinger, reviewing his experiences in office, said he was troubled by the present tendency to equate national security and military superiority. In an age of total power and total vulnerability, he said, it is meaningless and indeed dangerous to suppose that the pursuit of escalated weapons systems can protect the United States. Moreover, he said, it is a serious disservice to "scare" the American people into ever-higher military budgets by raising the specter of larger spending by the U.S.S.R.

Mr. Kissinger's observations and apprehensions come off the same spool as President Eisenhower's advice to the American people sixteen years ago. The President was troubled by the ascendancy of the military in the national life. He didn't think there was anything conspiratorial about this development; he saw it as the ominous consequence of world instability. So long as global tensions continued, it was inevitable that military power would increase and would be translated into economic and political power. And so he warned the American people against this encroachment while advocating the development of a genuine world order as the best way to counteract the rise of militarism.

An obvious and profoundly important question arises at this point. Why didn't President Eisenhower and Secretary Kissinger use the authority of their offices to meet the dangers they so clearly perceived?

The significance of this question was underlined for me a few weeks before the end of President Eisenhower's term. In November 1960, I returned from a government mission abroad and reported to the President. I had never seen him so relaxed, confident, comfortable in his job. Both Sherman Adams and Foster Dulles, who had served as surrogate-Presidents in the administration of domestic and foreign affairs respectively, had departed from the scene. Ike was now exercising the full authority of his office—and enjoying it. He would be leaving the White House in a matter of weeks, however, and his eyes sparkled as he spoke about his intention, as a private citizen, to contribute to the making of peace. He referred to the folly of the arms race and the shortsightedness of those who thought there were any winners in such competition. He rejected unilateral disarmament, calling for a system of collective security under law that would make effective arms reduction and control possible.

In talking about his role as private citizen, the President almost sounded as though he thought he would be in a stronger position to work for peace from his farm in Gettysburg than from the Oval Office in the White House. This irony had some underpinnings in reality. Despite everything that has been said about the power of the American Presidency, the authority of the office is severely circumscribed by all sorts of pressures from within and without the government. Indeed, the Presidency has become a culminating point for competing pressures. In no other field is this as evident as in foreign and military affairs. Constitutionally, the State Department is supposed to create and carry out foreign policy under the direction of the President. Actually, the State Department has been bypassed on a number of significant occasions by the Department of Defense and the CIA, which make their own foreign-policy assessments. Their reports and actions in the field often overlap and sometimes contradict the reports and actions of the State Department. A greater problem is that the CIA and the Department of Defense, by taking such initiatives, have committed the United States to policy in a way that gives the President little choice except to fall in behind the flag.

During the Vietnam war, for example, one of the bombings of Hanoi was carried out by the military without the prior knowledge and authorization of the President. Moreover, Congressional hearings this past year disclosed that the CIA engaged in subversive activities against other governments without specific Presidential directives.

HERE, then, is the answer to the apparent paradox of an outgoing President's or Secretary of State's warning the American people about the growing influence of the military. That influence cannot be countered except as public opinion itself is ready to stand solidly behind the President. No President or Secretary of State is going to be able to contend with the pressures for a massive military budget unless he can count on enough Americans to translate their views into Congressional support. The astounding fact is that no constituency of any consequence exists to reverse the arms race or to prevent the erosion of constitutional safeguards in military matters.

Jimmy Carter announced in his Inaugural Address that he intends to work for the abolition of nuclear weapons and a slowdown in the arms race. His success in achieving this purpose requires visible backing from the American people. Public opinion in America is sovereign. If Watergate proved nothing else, it proved that fact. Two newspaper reporters demonstrated they could be more powerful than the highest elected official in the land—as long as what they had to say produced a moral consensus. When enough people accept the idea that national security will be achieved not by pursuit of a mythical superiority, but by a system of collective security under law, effective leadership in this direction will be inevitable. —N.C.

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Letters from Readers

Managing America

Congratulations on the excellent issue of *Saturday Review*, "Managing America" [December 11].

I only hope that every member of the Carter administration, including the President himself and the Vice-President, has received a copy of this extraordinary document.

May I urge you to make doubly sure that every Cabinet officer and all of the top-level appointees of the Carter administration get this publication.

Sen. Hubert Humphrey
Washington, D.C.

Pride and Prejudice

I was informed and deeply moved by Anthony Astrachan's excellent review of Herbert Gutman's *The Black Family in Slavery and Freedom, 1750–1925* ["Invisible Families," November 13].

That black marriage was "signalized by fidelity—a far cry from the promiscuity and disorganization that many whites saw," as Astrachan stated it, is inspiring. That the black family could endure all the crimes committed against it by whites, during slavery and after, and still remain relatively free of moral corruption is amazing.

If moral turpitude has become the rule in all too many families today, who is primarily responsible? Who makes the degrading motion pictures in nearly all instances? Who presents violence on television?

Palmer Van Gundy
Los Angeles, Calif.

Ample Waves of Grain

The interesting papers on U.S. agricultural policy ["Our Newest Weapon: Food," November 13] fail to discuss several important issues.

In their evaluation of needs and objectives, agriculturalists typically ignore the major reason for the agricultural enterprise in the United States—an optimal food supply for the U.S. population. There is increasing and abundant evidence that major health problems of the U.S.—heart disease, certain important forms of cancer, diabetes, hypertension, obesity—are associated with an inappropriate diet. These diseases are associated with overconsumption. Dietary modification is the feasible preventive strategy. Americans eat too much meat, too much saturated fat, too much cholesterol, too much sugar, too much salt. They should increase their consumption of unsaturated oils, fruits, vegetables, and cereal products, especially whole-grain cereals.

Our food and nutrition policies, such as they are, are simply an extension of an irrational energy policy: use as much as you can to produce as much as you can. A rational policy would be aimed at decreasing our total cereal consumption—with people eating more grain and animals eating less. This would improve the health of the U.S. population and produce more grain for world trade or donation and eventually lead to lower grain production; lower energy, fertilizer, and pesticide needs; less environmental contamination; and more energy available for the rest of the world to produce its own food.

D. Hegsted
Harvard University
Boston, Mass.

Mind over Matter

The discussion of the need for increased agricultural research ["Our Newest Weapon: Food," November 13] exposes the tip of the iceberg. . . . I, too, find it ironic that we can continue to benefit so greatly from the fruits of the great horticulturists and animal husbandmen and at the same time severely cut back on the breadth and depth of the programs of their successors and inheritors. However, that situation reflects a much greater problem. Entirely too much of the world of education, for which research is the most important basis, is being subjected to guidelines that call for single-minded emphasis on an immediate return on investment. Look around you and see if you think that an Albert Einstein, or a Henry Ford, or a Thomas Edison, or a Baron Kelvin, or any of the great thinkers, practitioners, and implementers could make a significant contribution in the philosophical environment in this world of the pragmatist and the existentialist.

Recently I ran into some comments by several deans of students of colleges and universities in favor of a review of extracurricular activities in the criteria for acceptance into the ranks of college freshmen. They claim to want "whole persons" as candidates for their baccalaureate degrees. I, too, would like the next president of AT&T to be selected from such men.

But what of the student, the thinker? Must he also be a "whole person"? Are there so many who can contribute, as did Einstein, Gauss, Maxwell, Thomson, that we can afford to demand that they also be capable of administering the affairs of state as president, premier, or emperor. . . ?

E. Lima
Forest City, N.C.

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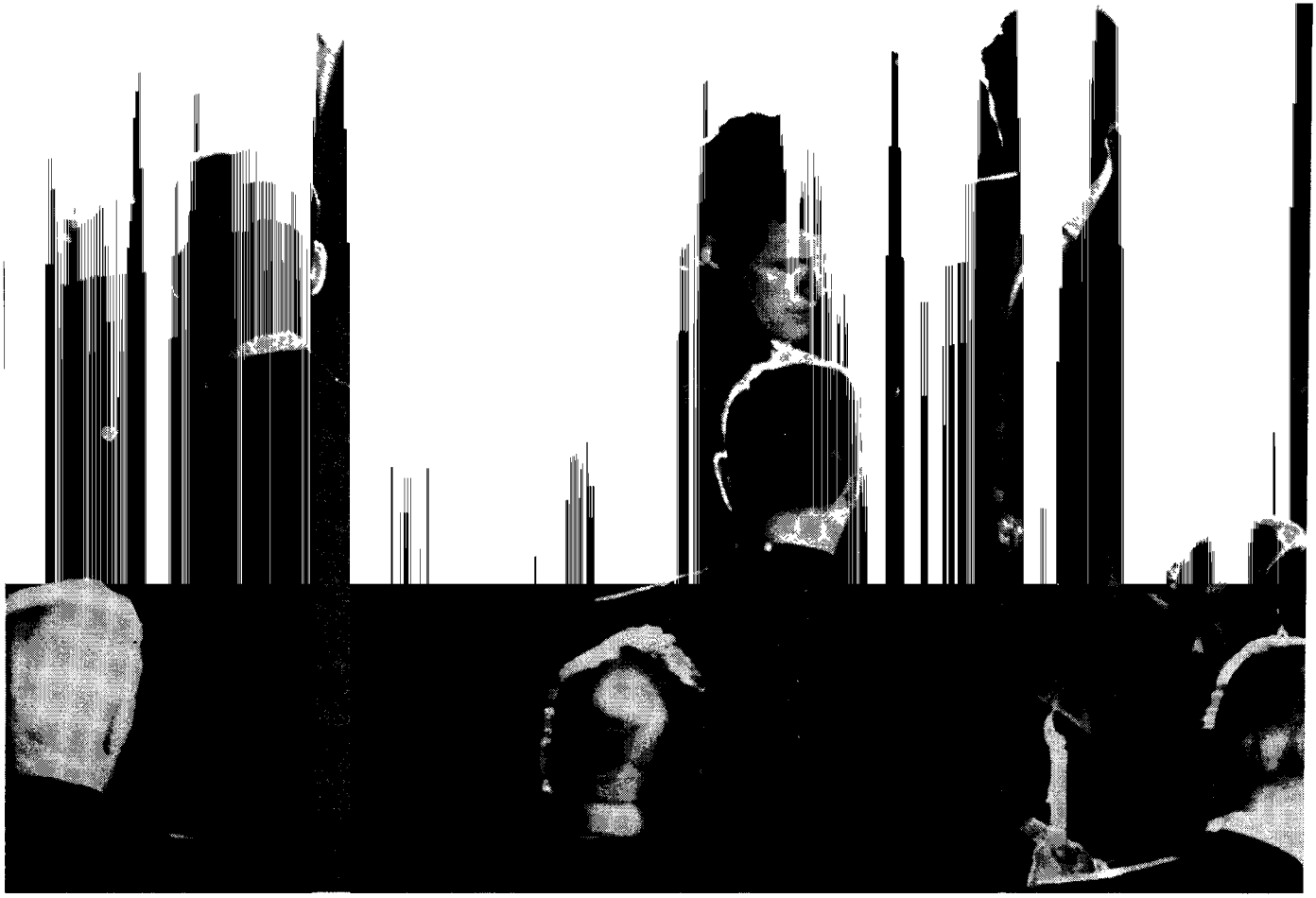

The Murder of Robert Kennedy

Suppressed Evidence of More than One Assassin?

by Allard K. Lowenstein

One day in the summer of 1973 I agreed to meet in Los Angeles with some people who insisted that Robert F. Kennedy had not been killed by Sirhan Sirhan acting alone. Nothing seemed clearer to me at that time than the absurdity of this notion. Everyone had *seen* Sirhan shooting at Senator Kennedy, and at Sirhan's trial his lawyers had argued only about his mental condition, not the accuracy of his firing.

That I went to any meeting about any assassination was due primarily to the persistence of Robert Vaughn, the star of a popular TV spy series called *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.* But even my esteem for Robert Vaughn couldn't totally wash away a furtive and unworthy suspicion that maybe he had hopes of transporting a successful dramatic role onto the duller stage of real life.

The truth is that I finally went to that first meeting chiefly because in my closed-mindedness I believed that spending half an hour with people who had gone gaga about the Robert Kennedy case would both prove my open-mindedness and help me persuade a good man to avoid further involvement in such foolishness.

That afternoon at Robert Vaughn's house I saw the autopsy report and discovered that Robert Kennedy had been hit from *behind* by bullets fired at point-blank range—that is, from a distance of several inches or less. I thought I remembered that Sirhan had been *facing* Senator Kennedy and had shot him from a distance of several *feet*, so I assumed that either the autopsy report or my memory was in error. I soon learned that neither was.

The police report agreed with the coroner about the range (point-blank) and direction (from behind) of the bullets that hit Senator Kennedy; so I proceeded through the grand-jury and trial records, searching for testimony that placed Sirhan's gun to the rear and within inches of Kennedy. There was none. The distance mentioned most frequently was two to three feet. Eyewitnesses can be depended on to be unreliable, but this information was un

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Fred Ward/Black Star

ettling: it seemed unlikely that everyone could be wrong bout something so visible and significant as the difference etween inches and feet. I set out to talk to the eyewitnesses person: maybe, I thought, the transcripts were misleading, maybe the witnesses were uncertain or confused. Not so. verything was consistent with the earlier testimony, and eople were emphatic about what they had seen. All the yewitnesses thought it was wacky to doubt that Sirhan had lled Kennedy—*until they heard what was in the autopsy eport.* Few of them thought so afterward.

My involvement in the RFK case had started late; it now developed slowly, pushed along by discovers and events that made no sense, things that could not be xplained by established facts or old theories. Early skeptics ke Lillian Castellano, Ted Charach, John Christian, Gerard lcan, and Betsy Langman introduced me to an assortment questions raised by the official version of the case, the ost puzzling of which had to do with the physical evidence. A firearms expert named William Harper had executed affidavit asserting among other things that the relatively damaged bullet removed from Senator Kennedy's neck ould not be matched to Sirhan's gun (a conclusion to be nfirmed four and a half years later by a panel of other exerts). That was disturbing enough, but I was most troubled the question of how many bullets had been fired. Sirhan's n could fire only eight shots; if there had been more than eight fired, there had to be more than one gun, and arguments about whether bullets matched or did not match would then become superfluous.

Seven bullets had been recovered during surgery, one from each of the five bystanders who were hit and two from Senator Kennedy. Another bullet had entered Senator Kennedy's back and exited through his chest, and still another had passed through the right shoulder pad of his jacket (the left sleeve of his suit disappeared sometime after the shooting).

In addition, three bullet holes were found by the police in ceiling tiles that had subsequently been removed and booked into evidence, and there were indications of still other bullet holes in doorframes that had also been removed and booked. One thing at least was certain: if all the holes in the tiles were entry holes, at least ten bullets must have been fired. Nobody could add seven to three and get eight.

I did not want to add to the public controversy about the case, so I went to Joe Busch, then the district attorney of Los Angeles County, with a list of questions about specific problems that seemed troublesome. I assumed the DA's office would be able to give satisfactory explanations. In fact, I felt a little as if I were about to discuss unfounded fears about flying saucers with scientists who could lay the fears to rest. It became clear early in that first session, however, that my fears were not about flying saucers, and that they were not being laid to rest.

The official response to my questions was as peculiar as the contradictions in the evidence. As I remarked later on, every official I saw at the DA's office was polite and talked about cooperation, but nobody did anything much with my list except periodically to request another copy.

When a question was answered at all, the answer often turned out to be untrue—not marginally untrue, but enthusiastically, aggressively, and sometimes quite imaginatively untrue. I was not prepared for that, and I was to waste a lot of time before I realized that Ron Ziegler himself might have gawked at some of the statements that officials were making about the case—not just to me, but to the public as well.

As events moved on, I found that propaganda campaigns were being concocted that peddled the precise reverse of the facts. Two of these were especially daring and effective: it was repeated constantly that "every eyewitness" had seen Sirhan kill Kennedy (so how could any rational person doubt that he had done it?); and it was said almost as frequently that there was "only one gun" in the hotel pantry where Kennedy was shot (so how could anyone have fired a second?)—this despite the fact that everyone connected with the case, if very few other people, knew that there was at least one other gun in the precise area from which the bullets that hit Kennedy were fired.

Joe Busch simply took to announcing the opposite of whatever facts didn't fit. In this spirit he said on the *Tomorrow* show: "Every eyewitness that you talk to, *every* eyewitness . . . there is nobody that disputes that he [Sirhan] put that gun up to the Senator's ear and he fired in there." I then asked him to name one such witness, and he replied: "Would you like Mr. Uecker, the man that grabbed his arm? Would you like any of the fifty-five witnesses?"

When John Howard, a less flamboyant personality, became acting district attorney, he claimed only "twenty to twenty-five" corroborating witnesses. Pressed to name one of this formidable collection, he also cited Uecker.

Continued on next page

llard K. Lowenstein is a former U. S. representative from e Fifth Congressional District of New York.

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Wide World

Final moments: (left) Robert F. Kennedy speaking moments before his assassination; (center) author George Plimpton

I could not imagine why Busch had selected Karl Uecker as what he called his "star witness," since Uecker's testimony about the matters in dispute not only contradicted the official position but had been repeated several times. Could he have changed his mind since 1968 about what he had seen then? And if he had changed his mind, why had he?

Karl Uecker was indeed a key witness, perhaps *the* key, the only person who was standing between Kennedy and Sirhan when the shooting began, the man who, as Busch put it, "grabbed his arm"—the imprecise "his" being applicable both to Kennedy (before the shooting started) and Sirhan (after).

Uecker had gone back to Germany some years before, and perhaps it was assumed that would put him out of reach. When I located him and was en route to see him for the first time I found myself hoping he would uphold the official story and thus confirm what Busch and Howard were saying about him. If he did that without apparent duress, what a great relief it would be—a kind of justification for accepting other official explanations; furthermore, the implications of the alternative were particularly unpleasant to me.

Karl Uecker turned out to be a solid, intelligent man. His recollections were unwavering, consistent with his grand-jury and trial testimony, and explicit: "I told the authorities that Sirhan never got close enough for a point-blank shot, never." It irritated him that he was being misquoted, but he felt that nothing could come of my efforts: "It was decided long ago," Uecker said, "that it was to stop with Sirhan, and that is what will happen." He reconstructed the sequence of events in the pantry for myself and two reporters from the West German magazine *Stern*, and it emerged that he is utterly certain that Sirhan had fired only two shots when he, Uecker, pushed Sirhan down onto a steam table.

And that, for Karl Uecker, is that. At least four bullets hit Kennedy; if Sirhan was on the steam table after firing two shots, he could not have fired all four of these shots, since that would have required him to put the other two bullets into Kennedy from behind, at point-blank range, while struggling on a steam table several feet in front of the Senator and with a distraught crowd flailing around between them.

The Uecker statements went virtually unreported except in *Stern* magazine. They had, therefore, limited impact on public opinion in the United States. They had no impact whatever on officials in Los Angeles, who still quote Karl Uecker as their star witness. But then, they have been unable to find another credible witness to quote, and it is unlikely that anyone will go to Germany to check with Uecker again.

THE Uecker flimflam was modest compared to the official handling of the eight-bullets problem.

There was a period of confusion after I asked how so few bullets had caused so much damage, but eventually I was informed that a bullet had penetrated a ceiling tile, bounced off the floor above, ricocheted back down through a second tile, and ended up in Elizabeth Evans Young's head. What complicates this proposition is that Mrs. Young, who was some 20 feet down the pantry from the shooting, had lost her shoe at about the time the shooting began. She had stooped over to put it on when the bullet entered her forehead, traveling *upward* into her scalp, where some of it remained even after surgery.

But even if the Young bullet had achieved everything ascribed to it, there remained the shot that went through Senator Kennedy's shoulder pad, the shot that exited through his chest, and the third bullet hole in a ceiling tile, a hole that meant the eighth and unrecovered bullet had to be "lost in the ceiling interspace" (as the official summary put it), unless, as I commented at the time, a bullet went up through one tile, bounced off the floor above, came back down through a second tile, and then decided in midair to go back up and make a third hole.

And if Sirhan's eighth bullet was "lost in the ceiling interspace," there were no bullets left to be found anywhere else. Which brings us to the problem of the doorframes.

On June 5, 1968, the Associated Press sent out a photo

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Wide World

UPI

nd Kennedy aide J. W. Gallivan, Jr., struggling with Sirhan Sirhan; (right) Senator Kennedy lies dying.

f two policemen pointing to a door "near Kennedy shoot-ng scene." According to the caption on the picture, a bullet is still in the wood."

Few people could have known at that time the potential mport of that photo. It was ignored in the turbulence of vents and might have gone unnoticed if it had not been or a remarkable Los Angeles institution named Lillian Castellano. From the moment Mrs. Castellano read the irephoto caption she began telling everyone who would sten that if a bullet had been found in a doorframe, there ad to be at least nine bullets. She and an associate named loyd Nelson wrote an article pressing this point, and it ppeared in the May 23, 1969, *Los Angeles Free Press.* wo weeks later, a local reporter asked Evelle Younger, then istrict attorney of Los Angeles and now attorney general of alifornia, about the photo and its implications. Younger romised that "tons of information over at the LAPD [Los ngeles Police Department]" were going to be "made vailable."

But nothing relevant had been "made available" to anyne four years after that, and I therefore attached a copy f the wirephoto to the list of questions I submitted to the uthorities. Question II-3 read: "Who are the police in the P wirephoto examining bullet in 'doorframe'? Why did ey say there was a bullet there if there wasn't one?" It tells lot about my state of mind at the time that I accepted the fficial assurance that the policemen had been misquoted in e photo caption. When repeated requests for a study of e doorframes ran into unpersuasive evasions, I was irrited at what I took to be bureaucratic delays rather than spicious motives. And that is where the matter rested for lmost two years.

Then, in the summer of 1975, Paul Schrade, a close friend f Senator Kennedy and one of the bystanders who had een shot on the night of June 4, 1968, brought an action r damages against Sirhan and anyone else who might have een involved in the shooting in the hotel's pantry area "Does 1-50," as California legal terminology puts it). chrade was represented in this action by former assistant district attorney Vincent Bugliosi and myself. This procedure was designed to get the investigation of the RFK case "out of politics and into the courtroom"—a step long advocated by officials who refused to do anything to reopen the case through more accessible channels.

The county board of supervisors, prodded by a feisty, public-spirited member named Baxter Ward, joined in the effort to get a court to accept jurisdiction, and eventually seven experts impaneled by Judge Robert Wenke of the Los Angeles superior court conducted a series of tests on firearms involved in the case. The experts then answered some questions, added mystery to others, and concluded that on the basis of tests conducted to date they could neither support nor preclude the presence of a second gun. Beyond that, their opinions varied widely. They disagreed among themselves about two thirds of their findings and tended to disagree as well on how to interpret what they did find.

But they unanimously reached one conclusion that must have rattled the authorities, at least until it was clear that almost nobody had noticed it: the panel agreed that there was no possible way to determine whether the bullets recovered from the victims had or had not been fired from Sirhan's gun. What this meant in plain English was that DeWayne Wolfer, the LAPD criminalist, had sworn to an impossibility when he had testified under oath at Sirhan's trial that the bullets had to have been fired by Sirhan's gun.

A finding by these nationally recognized firearms experts that a critical part of the testimony of the LAPD firearms expert could not have been true has implications that go far beyond the RFK case. But its significance in the RFK case is not obscure either.

Most of the panel said or implied that, on balance, the absence of specific evidence of a second gun decreased the likelihood of two people having fired in the pantry. On the other hand, the expert selected by CBS, which was one of the parties to the litigation, was perhaps the best-known member of the panel. He testified under oath that the question of a second gun was "more open" now than it had been before

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the tests, a conclusion that, for whatever reason, not even his employer saw fit to report. And all the experts agreed that if there were evidence of *more than eight bullets*, matching or failing to match bullets could not reduce below two the number of guns involved. But the panel was not allowed to hear about, let alone study, material dealing with the number of bullets fired.

It was after this standoff and while the Schrade matter was still in court that Bugliosi located the policemen in the wirephoto. It turned out that neither of the officers knew he was supposed to have been misquoted by the AP photographer, and both still believed they had been pointing at a bullet in the doorframe. This bullet, they thought, had been "removed" soon after the photo was taken.

The official reaction to these developments may seem a bit odd for men who kept announcing their determination to do everything possible to resolve doubts about Senator Kennedy's murder. The LAPD suddenly leaped into action and caught one of the policemen in time to dissuade him from executing an affidavit; and the next day the representatives of the district attorney and the state attorney general cooked up such a procedural storm in the courtroom that the policemen could not be subpoenaed to testify under oath.

"All the eyewitnesses thought it was wacky to doubt that Sirhan had killed Kennedy—until they heard what was in the autopsy report."

All this activity generated some publicity about the question of bullets in doorframes, and soon four more reputable individuals materialized who had seen, or thought they had seen, bullets or bullet holes in doorframes shortly after the assassination. One of these was the maître d' of the Ambassador Hotel, a man with substantial military experience. Presently, a fifth witness came up with the news that he had heard police officers discussing the removal of a bullet from a doorframe.

Apparently none of this aroused the curiosity of those charged with law enforcement in Los Angeles, despite the fact that the doorframes had been booked into evidence, presumably for some *reason*. I finally inquired if someone in the LAPD had taken to collecting doorframes as a hobby.

And then, as new information stretched the dimensions of possible useful inquiry, the new district attorney and the former district attorney of Los Angeles moved together to extinguish the judicial proceeding that for years their office had insisted was the only legitimate way to inquire into the case. "We shouldn't bury any kinds of questions that are raised," proclaimed the new district attorney, John Van de Kamp, as he sought to dismiss the matter from court. "There are plenty of bodies that can continue to follow that inquiry."

As PART of the effort to quash the court proceedings, Attorney General Younger's office had objected to proposals of some of the firearms experts that further tests be conducted at the scene of the crime. Use of the Ambassador Hotel pantry for any investigation, the attorney general's office warned Judge Wenke, would constitute "an egregious invasion of the rights of private property," one that should not and legally could not be permitted.

Seven days later, on December 10, 1975, several assistant district attorneys and a score of police officers, accompanied by much of the LA press corps and a search warrant, arrived at the Ambassador "to search the pantry area for bullets or bullet holes which might be evidence in the murder of Robert Kennedy." To this end, it was announced that the search would concentrate on doorframes, key parts of which had been replaced more than seven years before, after the originals had been removed by officers of the LAPD!

"The significance of the examination, as far as I am concerned," Deputy District Attorney Stephen Trott said of the pantry raid, "is the fact that it again shows that we are taking every step to unturn, as Mr. Van de Kamp said, every stone in this case to get to whatever bottom there may be in this continuing matter."

"No other bullets were found last night," an official spokesman announced the next day and was quoted deadpan in the media. It was nowhere commented that to locate "other" bullets or bullet holes at that time in that place would have been remarkable indeed.

Of course a more sensible way to settle these questions might have been to conduct the standard scientific tests customarily used in such situations on the doorframes and tiles then presumably in police custody. The requests for such tests that had been addressed to the police, the district attorney, and the Los Angeles police commission for several years got nowhere until August 1975, when a number of public officials began to wonder out loud why the bullet-holes issue could not be resolved by suitable tests. It was then revealed that the frames and tiles could not be tested because *they no longer existed*. There were a variety of explanations for the fact that they had been destroyed (one official said they couldn't fit in the filing cabinets available), but the date of the destruction was set as June 30, 1969—a date shortly after Lillian Castellano's article had appeared and Evelle Younger had promised that "tons" of material would be "made available."

The fact that these items no longer existed and the fact that that fact had been concealed was troublesome at best, but the statement that they had been destroyed *in 1969* raised an additional difficulty: the report of a police board of inquiry in 1971 stated that "an inspection of the ceiling tiles removed from the pantry" had refuted a tangential claim about bullet angles. It has yet to be explained how such an inspection could have refuted anything if the tiles had been destroyed two years before.

In late 1975 one Thomas Kranz, the district attorney's special counsel for the RFK case, wrote a report in which, among other things, he commented on the destruction of the doorframes, ceiling tiles, and various critical documents that had also turned up missing. Special Counsel Kranz, who was paid by public funds, says he submitted his report to the DA more than a year ago. In a lengthy preview that appeared in March 1976 in the *Los Angeles Times* Kranz supported the official conclusions, but proceeded to describe the LAPD's scientific research as "sloppy," denounce the destruction of "potential evidence" as "wrong" and "idiotic," and complain that "a major aspect of the prosecution's case . . . isn't substantially documented."

The Kranz report may have met the same fate as the door-

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"I arrived at the melancholy thought that people who have nothing to hide do not lie, cheat, and smear to hide it."

frames and ceiling tiles. In any case, it is still not available. People who ask for it now are told that it is being "revised," and that the new version will be available in "a week or two." It is not clear when the original version will be available, or why it was necessary to spend a year "revising" it after the man who wrote it had retired to private practice.

Meanwhile, the significance of another group of remarkable documents has somehow been lost in the shuffle. Dr. Robert Joling, past president of the American Academy of Forensic Sciences, has released the reports of the FBI agents who examined the pantry area after the assassination. These reports were obtained by Bernard Fensterwald, a Washington attorney, under the provisions of the Freedom of Information Act and include photographs of doorframes with what the FBI agents describe at least twice as "bullet holes."

Perhaps these photographs did not startle law-enforcement officials in Los Angeles, who tended to boast about exchanging information "freely" with the FBI during the investigation. But if they knew about the FBI reports all along, the concealing of that knowledge is not reassuring.

So we have reached a stalemate. It has been very hard to get information against the wishes of a wily, uncompromising, and entrenched law-enforcement establishment supported by the only newspaper of general influence in the community. But no reasonable person who knows the facts can now profess to believe that the question of who murdered Robert Kennedy has been resolved. There are too many gaps and inconsistencies in the evidence, too much covered up for too long by those who should have been most eager to pursue leads instead of ignoring or concealing them.

Despite all the obstacles, new facts have come out about what FBI agents, policemen, and other reputable persons said about the matter of bullets in doorframes, and it seems fair in view of these facts to say that there is now a rebuttable presumption that more than one assassin was involved. But what is even clearer than that is that nobody is making a serious effort to rebut that presumption. The notion seems to be that the presumption can be waited out, that unanswered questions will fade, given time, and that the best way to deal with awkward new facts is to ignore them until they can be denounced as "nothing new" and then dismissed; as if awkward facts somehow become less awkward or less pertinent with age.

THERE were people who kept advising Richard Nixon during Watergate that if he would just tell everything, everything would be all right. By the time he left office, presumably everyone except Rabbi Korff and Julie Eisenhower understood that this was not exactly so.

I do not know why those responsible for law enforcement in Los Angeles decided to stonewall the RFK case. But once they had made that decision, the rest followed: facts had to be concealed or distorted and inconvenient evidence done away with; inoperative statements had to be replaced by new statements, until they in turn became inoperative; people raising awkward questions had to be discredited, preferably as self-seeking or flaky.

"If you listen to these idiots long enough," Joe Busch once announced, "they'll convince you that John Wilkes Booth didn't really kill Abraham Lincoln." An LAPD spokesman with a gift for simplicity tried to dismiss questions with the explanation that the "TV footage" of the shooting resolved any honest doubts, apparently assuming that nobody else would realize that no such footage exists.

The behavior of the police commission may be even less excusable than that of the LAPD and the office of the district attorney. The police commissioners are estimable and independent people, appointed by the mayor, who have no vested interest in the original investigation. They do, however, have jurisdiction over much of the critical material, as well as specific responsibility for the integrity and competence of overall police operations. And they have the stature and authority to act on their own initiative.

Even the Warren Commission published most of the exhibits on which its conclusions about the assassination of President Kennedy were based. The police commission, on the other hand, has refused access to anything in the ten volumes collected in the RFK case, despite the flow of pronouncements by high officials that all relevant information, including the "work product" of the investigation, would be made public.

The commission invoked high principles about civil liberties in detecting a threat to the "right of privacy" in proposals for testing physical objects within its jurisdiction, but the discovery that these same objects had been illicitly destroyed aroused no discernible interest. At one point, in a flurry of responsiveness to public pressures, the commission announced that it would accept and reply to written questions, but that announcement stands as the only reply that has been given to any question. Whatever its motives, the commission has lent a kind of respectability to the cover-up, and it has done so with a clumsy arrogance that leads one to wonder if it took lessons from the Hapsburgs, who are said to have ruled Austria by tyranny tempered only by incompetence.

I began my activities in this case with no doubt at all that the authorities would be as eager as anyone else to investigate any legitimate questions that might arise. I persisted in that belief, and kept acting on it, long after there was any basis for it. But there comes a time when official dissembling should impel everyone else to pursue the unanswered questions with more vigor than ever. The American people should have learned that from the events of the past four years.

I do not know whether Sirhan acting alone murdered Robert Kennedy. I do know what happened when we tried to find out. Eventually, reluctantly, against all my instincts and wishes, I arrived at the melancholy thought that people who have nothing to hide do not lie, cheat, and smear to hide it.

It is possible that the small numbers of people in key places who have worked to head off inquiries and cover up facts have done so simply because their reputations or careers are at stake; but the fact that this is a possibility does not make it acceptable to allow the situation to rest as it is, for there are other possibilities, too.

For a long time now, we have been trying to explain that what commands the reexamination of the Kennedy and

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King murders is not ghoulish curiosity, or vengefulness about dishonesty or incompetence, or devotion to abstract concepts of justice, or sentimentalism about the men who died, but simply the urgent question of whether disasters may loom ahead that could be averted if we found out more about disasters past.

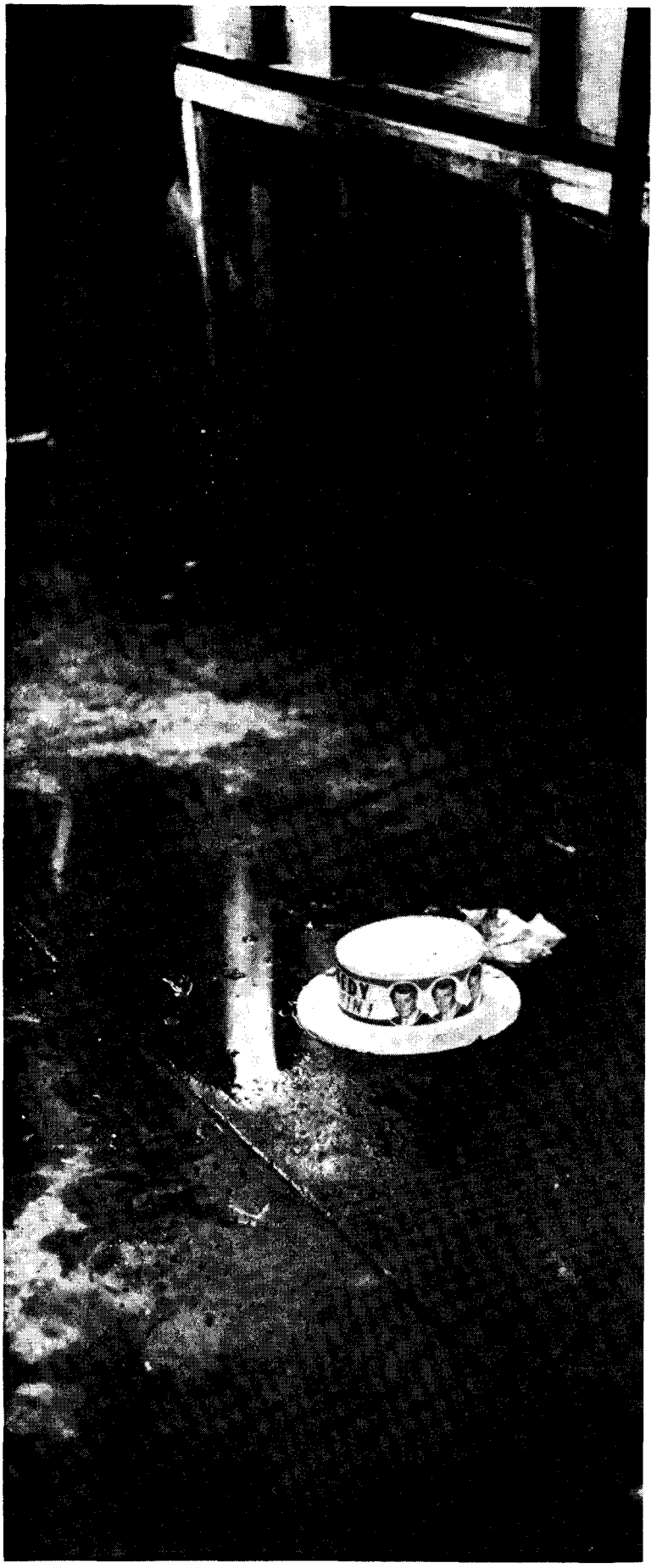
Years have been squandered in ugly, stupid brawling about whether to face legitimate questions about seminal events. One result is that some people have come to see conspiracies everywhere, and some invent them where they can't see them. Some who have poked around these skeletons for a long time have capsized somewhere along the way into a kind of permanent overwroughtness that makes them easy to ridicule. Matters that require dispassion and open minds have become polarized, while everything hangs in limbo and suspicions keep oozing around that things are more sinister than may actually be the case. It may turn out that the hardest part of dealing with the new realities of the arrangement and use of power in America is to modify our sense of what America is without modifying the sense of what it can and should be.

Sensible people keep asking if it is really worth the time and effort to dig into the difficult past in this difficult way. Some time ago, near the beginning of this long journey, I tried to explain my own reason for pressing ahead. "Assassinations of national figures are not ordinary murders," I wrote. "When bullets distort or nullify the national will, democracy itself has been attacked. When a series of such events changes the direction of the nation and occurs under suspicious circumstances, institutions seem compromised or corrupted and democratic process itself undermined." It was Robert Kennedy's special gift that he understood the new realities of power in this country and could make people believe that if they roused themselves to the effort they could, as he liked to put it, "reclaim America." Perhaps that helps explain why the pain of his loss remains so great after so long a time.

We have made a good start toward preventing the repetition of some past abuses of power, especially government abuses, because we have learned about those abuses and have set out to guard against them. But there are other abuses we cannot yet guard against because we do not yet know enough about them to know *how* to guard against them. It seems elementary, for example, that if groups do exist that can eliminate national figures and get away with it, they are unlikely to spring into existence only on occasions of state murders: How are they occupied between-times?

James R. Hoffa did not vanish after a rendezvous with a James Earl Ray "acting alone," loose nuts did not do in the Yablonskis, new editions of Lee Harvey Oswald or Sirhan Sirhan did not murder Sam Giancana in the basement of his home while he was under twenty-four-hour guard by the FBI. It is time to accept the fact that the question is not whether groups with such power exist, but how these groups use their power, who their allies are—in and out of government—and what if anything can be done to protect democratic process against forces and alliances that operate out of sight and often beyond the limits set by the law.

That is a fitting question for the elected representatives of the people to deal with, since nothing less than the strength of government of, by, and for the people rides on the answer. And finding out all we can about the assassinations is an important part of trying to answer that question. ◉



Harry Benson

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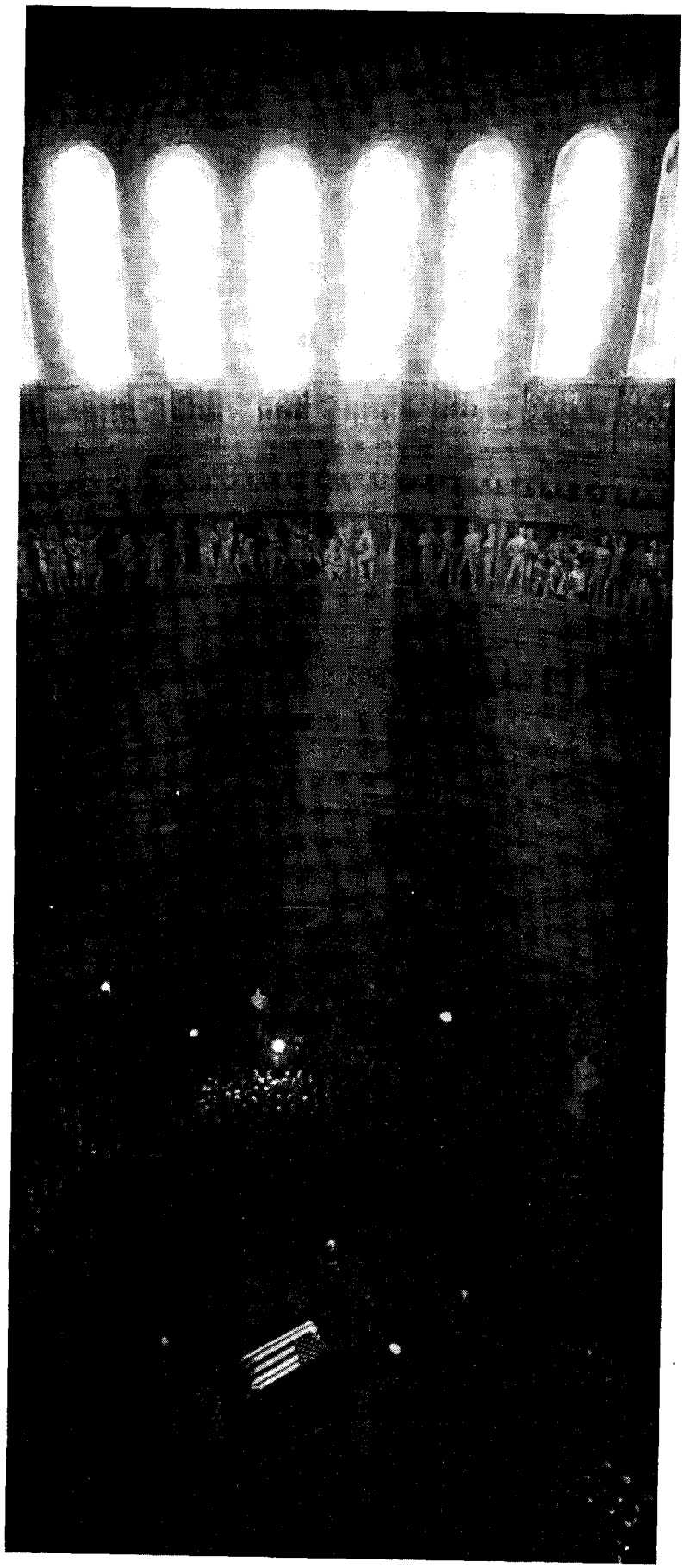

Werner Wolff/Black Star

Final tribute to John F. Kennedy.

Congress and the

The Curious Politics of the Ho Murders of John F. Kennedy a

by George Lardner, Jr.

Washington

ON NOVEMBER 26, 1963, just four days after the assassination of President John F. Kennedy, the deputy attorney general of the United States, Nicholas deB. Katzenbach, sent an urgently worded memo to the White House.

"The public," Katzenbach wrote, "must be satisfied that Oswald is the assassin; that he did not have confederates who are still at large; and that the evidence was such that he would have been convicted at trial."

Beyond that, the Justice Department's acting chief (under the grieving Robert F. Kennedy) wrote: "Speculation about Oswald's motivation ought to be cut off, and we should have some basis for rebutting thought that this was a Communist conspiracy or (as the Iron Curtain press is saying) a right-wing conspiracy to blame it on the Communists."

It is now more than 13 years since Katzenbach set down those notions as though they were fact. The Warren Commission enshrined them as history after an excessively hurried and secretive investigation. Today they are more suspect than ever, precisely because the government of the United States tried to shove them down the public's throat.

Why was it so important that Lee Harvey Oswald be convicted in the public mind as the lone assassin? Why should speculation about his motives have been "cut off"? Why should the government have been looking, especially at that early date, for rebuttals of the thought that a conspiracy—of the left or of the right—was to blame?

To calm the body politic? Perhaps. To head off demands for an invasion of Cuba? Maybe. Or was it to spare the sensibilities of the Kennedy family, particularly Robert F. Kennedy, who knew quite well that "they" (the Kennedy administration) had been trying to dispose of someone (Cuban premier Fidel Castro) who may have, in turn, decided to dispose of at least one of them?

The House of Representatives last fall appointed a select committee to try to answer those questions and more. Indeed, if it had been only the Kennedy murder at issue, the investigation would never have been approved. It took the pressure of the congressional Black Caucus and its somewhat belated discovery of unexplained circumstances surrounding the killing of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., to get the inquiry under way.

Unfortunately, once it was approved, the committee provided immediate cause for some serious misgivings. It showed a penchant for the very secrecy it deplored in the Warren Commission. Some of its most prominent members had left themselves open to charges of bias. And—as we shall see further along—members of the committee staff displayed, at least at the outset, what might best be described as a ham-handed appreciation of the Bill of Rights.

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Assassinations

Inquiry into the Martin Luther King, Jr.

Moreover, the House Select Committee on Assassinations was asking for more money than had been allotted to any congressional investigation in history. Not surprisingly, it began the new year with a far more fragile backing than it had enjoyed last September, when the House established the committee by a vote of 280 to 65.

Congressional support had been much more lukewarm before that. Despite increasing public skepticism about the official version of the President's assassination, the House Rules Committee, with the obvious backing of the Democratic leadership of the House, had, as recently as last spring, spurned attempts to reopen the investigation.

The proposals had been simmering since early 1975, when Rep. Henry Gonzalez (D-Tex.) and Rep. Thomas N. Downing (D-Va.) introduced separate resolutions calling for a congressional inquiry. Gonzalez, a sad-faced Texan who was in the Dallas motorcade—and who is still certain he heard only three shots fired—says his doubts were fanned in 1973 by the Watergate scandal.

"You saw the head of the FBI destroying documents," he recalls. "You had all of a sudden this motley array of ex-CIA characters. Certain things began to percolate in the back of my mind."

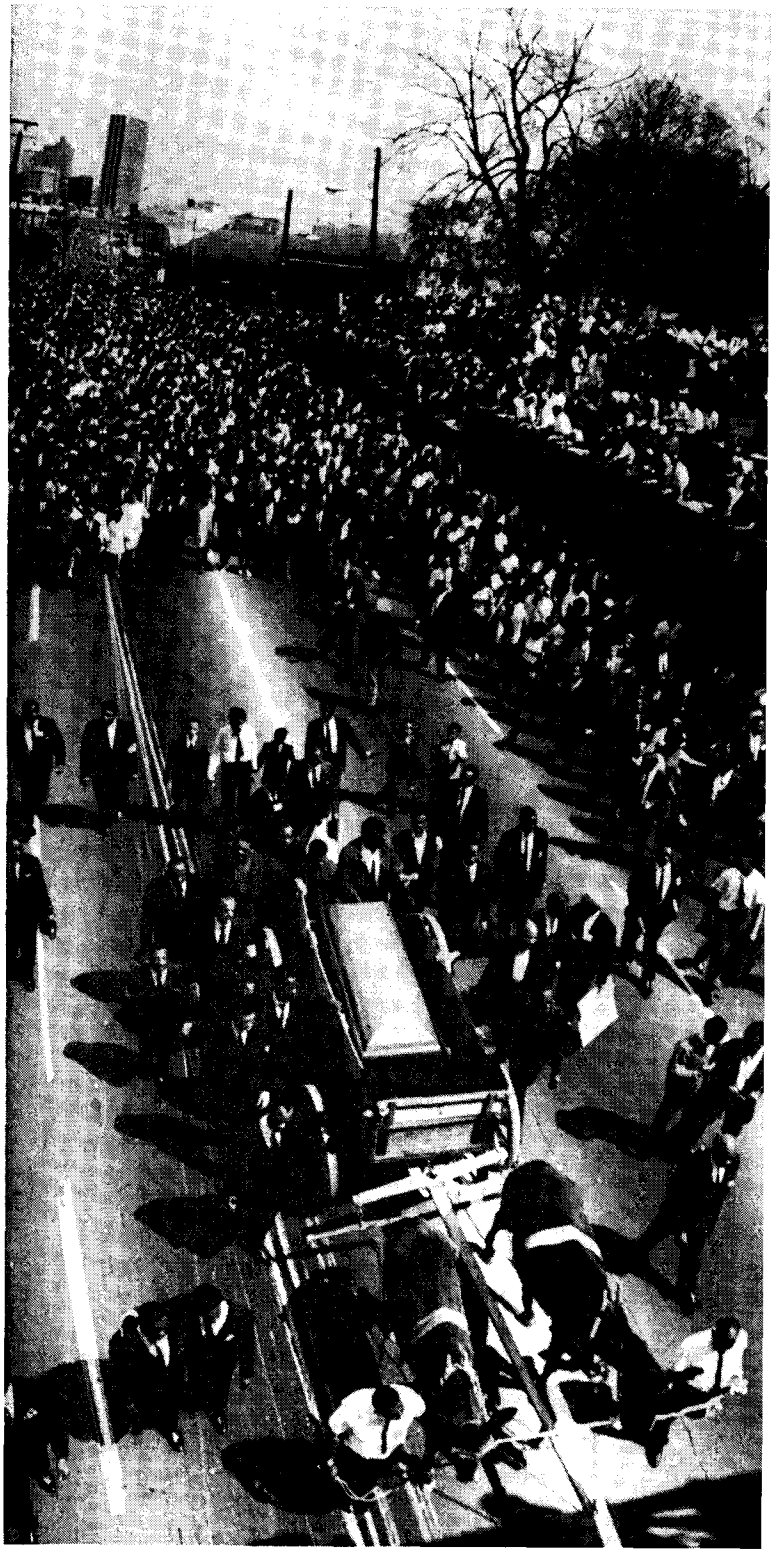
Downing's interest was aroused after he saw the Zapruder film of the JFK shooting at a Capitol Hill showing that Downing's son, a law student at the University of Virginia, helped to arrange after seeing it himself.

"When the Warren Report came out," Downing says, "and it said this man fired five shots in four-point-eight seconds with deadly accuracy on a moving target two hundred fifty feet away, I had doubts." (The report said the shots were fired "in a time period ranging from approximately 4.8 to 7 seconds.") "But those were different times," Downing continues. "I felt the Warren Commission had done the work and I decided that if that was their conclusion, I would buy it."

The Zapruder film jolted him, as it has so many others who have seen it. Medical experts have said that the violent backward and leftward motion of the President's body immediately after the fatal shot to his head was not really inconsistent with a bullet's being fired from the rear—from the Texas School Book Depository—but laymen who have seen the film often find this difficult to accept.

"The film had an impact on me, more so than it did on the other members who watched it with me," Downing says. "As I saw the physical reaction of the body to the shots, this impressed me."

The general reaction to the Gonzalez and Downing resolutions was little better than a yawn. "Most of the coverage I got was in the foreign press—to my surprise, particularly in England," says Gonzalez, whose resolution called for



Declan Haun/Black Star

Last long march with Martin Luther King, Jr.

investigating the assassinations of the Kennedys and Martin Luther King, Jr., as well as the attempted assassination of Governor George Wallace.

Persistent lobbying built up support. Mark Lane, the outspoken and controversial critic of the Warren Commission, began campaigning from a Capitol Hill headquarters under the banner of his Citizens Commission of Inquiry. "We

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"Why was it so important that Lee Harvey Oswald be convicted in the public mind as the lone assassin? Why should speculation about his motives have been 'cut off'?"

helped generate more than three quarters of a million telegrams and letters to members of Congress," he declares. "We met with members, too, such as Representative Joe Moakley [D-Mass.] on the Rules Committee. He said Tip O'Neill [then House majority leader] told him more than a year ago not to get involved with the Downing or Gonzalez resolutions."

According to Lane, a committee of 25 people in the Cambridge-Boston area was quickly organized. It collected almost 3,000 signatures and changed Moakley's mind, Tip O'Neill notwithstanding. On another occasion, Lane flew to San Francisco to mount pressure against Rep. Phillip Burton (D-Calif.), who, Lane charged, said he would "never allow a vote on this unless Teddy Kennedy says okay."

Finally, Gonzalez says he approached House Speaker Carl Albert (D-Okla.). The result was a hearing before the House Rules Committee last March 31, but the votes weren't there, either for Gonzalez's four-pronged inquiry or for Downing's bill to conduct an investigation of the President's assassination alone.

Rep. B. F. Sisk (D-Calif.) called the whole thing a waste of money and vowed to do whatever he could to kill it. But the most influential role was played by Rep. Richard Bolling (D-Mo.), who was reflecting the wishes of O'Neill and the Kennedy family. Borrowing a line from Mark Lane, Gonzalez protested at one point that "we are talking about leaders of a country, not members of a family," but to no avail. The Rules Committee decided to shelve the entire matter "indefinitely" by a vote of 9 to 6.

Summertime produced a change. Rep. Walter E. Fauntroy (D-D.C.), a key member of the Black Caucus, happened to be in Atlanta in July for a workshop of the Martin Luther King Center for Social Change (Fauntroy is chairman of the board; Mrs. Coretta King is president). Television producer Abby Mann happened to be there, too, working on a documentary about King for NBC. Mann had just come from Memphis, where he'd been interviewing various people about the King assassination in the company of his good friend, the ubiquitous Mark Lane.

"He asked to talk to me about some things he'd run into," (in Memphis, where King was killed April 4, 1968) Fauntroy says. These things had been known previously, even publicized in articles earlier that year by Les Payne of *Newsday*, but they were news to Fauntroy and, he says, galvanized him. They dealt with the sudden removal from King's side of one of two black detectives assigned to watch him, hours before he was shot, and with the abrupt transfer of two black firemen from the firehouse across the street from the motel where King was staying.

The orders were attributed to now retired Memphis police and fire director Frank C. Holloman, an ex-FBI official who had once worked in Director J. Edgar Hoover's office.

George Lardner, Jr., is a national-affairs reporter for The Washington Post.

On his return to Washington, Fauntroy met with other members of the Black Caucus and recommended that they press for an investigation of the King assassination, "particularly in light of the findings of the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence."

THAT committee had disclosed, months earlier, that the FBI had attempted for years to discredit Dr. King in an undercover campaign that included bugging his hotel rooms and even sending an anonymous blackmail letter that King took as a suicide suggestion. The Senate panel, headed by Sen. Frank Church (D-Idaho), also concluded in a separate report last June that senior officials of both the CIA and the FBI covered up crucial information in the course of investigating President Kennedy's assassination. The Church committee said it had not uncovered enough evidence during its understaffed investigation to justify a conclusion that there had been a conspiracy to assassinate the President; but it emphasized that the "investigative deficiencies" it had turned up were substantial enough to raise grave doubts about the Warren Commission's work and to justify continued congressional investigation.

The Senate establishment showed no inclination to follow up that invitation. In the House, meanwhile, any further inquiry was presumed dead—until the Black Caucus perked up on behalf of Dr. King. This time, Rep. Bolling, who had decided to run for House majority leader, was much more receptive. He helped Fauntroy persuade Speaker Carl Albert and Tip O'Neill to approve the new committee. Meetings were held. Coretta King appeared at one get-together with Albert to emphasize the importance of the inquiry. House Republican Leader John Rhodes (R-Ariz.) was consulted and gave his blessings. The final resolution, calling for an inquiry into the deaths of John F. Kennedy and Martin Luther King, Jr., went through with the speed of legislative light. With Bolling leading the way, the House Rules Committee approved the bill on September 15 by a turnaround vote of 9 to 4. The full House gave its approval two days later. Within a few days, Albert named the 12 members of the panel, including, by prior arrangement, Fauntroy and three other members of the Black Caucus. Downing was made chairman and Gonzalez was named vice-chairman, with the understanding that he would take over the full committee in the new Congress after Downing retired.

CONGRESS, to be sure, does not usually investigate homicides, but the same may be said of third-rate burglaries. Public support for the investigation would appear to be solid enough. A Gallup poll in December showed that a large majority of Americans, 80 percent, now believe that more than one person was involved in the Kennedy assassination. Only 52 percent felt that way in November of 1963, when Katzenbach wrote his memo. Regarding the King murder, 69 percent are now similarly convinced that more than one individual was behind the civil-rights leader's slaying.

Some of the House committee's opening moves, however, were inauspicious and even inept. Incredibly, the first chairman, Downing, sought to hire as chief counsel a man who had publicly and prominently taken sides in both murders. The candidate, Washington lawyer Bernard Fen-

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terwald, head of the private Committee to Investigate Assassinations, had not only denounced the Warren Report as a "fairy tale," but had also served five years as a defense lawyer protesting the innocence of one James Earl Ray.

After Fensterwald wisely declined the offer, Downing and his aides momentarily turned to Mark Lane, but Lane said he wanted no part of the job, realizing that his appointment would also destroy any congressional pretensions of objectivity. Lane recalls that at one point last fall "Downing told me he was considering two people: Bud Fensterwald and me. I said either one would be a tragedy."

The final choice was, in many ways, quite a catch: Richard A. Sprague, an aggressive, tough-minded lawyer who had made a career in the Philadelphia district attorney's office and a national reputation with his successful prosecutions for the 1969 murders—assassinations, really—of United Mine Workers leader Jock Yablonski and his family.

But there were minuses, too. Sprague and Downing were far from candid when asked by reporters how the Philadelphian came to get the job. Details soon came out: Lane and a friend had come up with his name; Lane had traveled twice to Philadelphia to sound Sprague out; Lane evidently was the first to suggest Sprague's appointment to members of the committee. None of that should be taken to mean that Sprague is not his own man, but the sequence of events still left the nagging impression that the chief counsel of the House Select Committee on Assassinations thought he could, and should, pick and choose what facts he wanted to make public—and suppress those he didn't.

The issues that aroused the House of Representatives on convening last month for the first session of the Ninety-fifth Congress were less arcane. It had been told, last spring, that the cost of the investigation "would not exceed $500,000." Now, at Sprague's behest, the committee was seeking $6.5 million for the first year alone. He was also proposing to spend some of the money on some highly questionable items, such as two Psychological Stress Evaluators (about $4,000 each) and two "mini-phone recording devices" (about $2,200 each).

According to a report by the House Government Operations Committee last year, tests conducted several years ago by Fordham University for the Department of the Army concluded that the Psychological Stress Evaluator "produced valid results in less than one third of the tests administered and that its reliability was less than pure chance." The mini-phone recording devices, essentially tiny transmitters that could be hidden in the clothing of committee investigators, seemed to indicate that surreptitious tape recordings might be made of the remarks of unsuspecting witnesses, but Sprague denied any such intent. He said the gadgets would simply enable committee investigators to communicate with one another during "certain surveillance activities," such as tailing witnesses.

The plans triggered a series of protests from Rep. Don Edwards (D-Calif.), an ex-FBI agent who is also chairman of the House Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights. He warned the Assassinations Committee that some of the proposed techniques, even when explained à la Sprague, might irrevocably taint the inquiry. "A congressional investigation," Edwards wrote to Gonzalez, "is not, and should never be, a game of cops and robbers." Meanwhile, House Administration Committee chairman Frank Thompson, Jr. (D-N.J.), was crisply rejecting other proposed purchases that had come dribbling in from the Assassinations Committee while Downing was still in charge. One request was for permission to buy seven suction-cup devices designed for recording telephone conversations. Another was for authority to install "transmitter cutoff arrangements for listening-in purposes on two of the committee telephones."

To his credit, Gonzalez quickly disavowed any telephone gimmickery and insisted that the committee had no intention of indulging "in a temporary suspension of the Bill of Rights," as Edwards had suggested it did. At the same time, Sprague issued a memo instructing all committee staffers that no one was to be tape-recorded without his knowledge, either in face-to-face interviews or over the phone.

As of this writing, the expectation is that the House will want to keep the new committee on a short tether. Rather than handing it a full year's budget, some members would prefer to provide the inquiry with only a few months' operating funds at a time and then ask the committee to justify its need for more. Such an approach might crimp the committee's plans for a year of far-flung travel (a proposed $1.8 million worth), but the cutback might be salutary.

"Basically, it seems to me that before they start running all over the world, they've got to decide whether there was more than one gunman involved in the Kennedy assassination," said David Belin, former Warren Commission lawyer, who called for a new investigation more than a year ago in light of all the evidence that had been withheld about the plots to kill Castro. "Before you get to exotic things," Belin pointed out, "you've still got to get to the basic question of who the murderer was. And on that question, there's a lot of physical evidence available, a lot of witnesses." ◉

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A Confession of Life

Memoirs
by Pablo Neruda
Translated from the Spanish by Hardie St. Martin
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 370 pp., $11.95

Reviewed by Robert Maurer

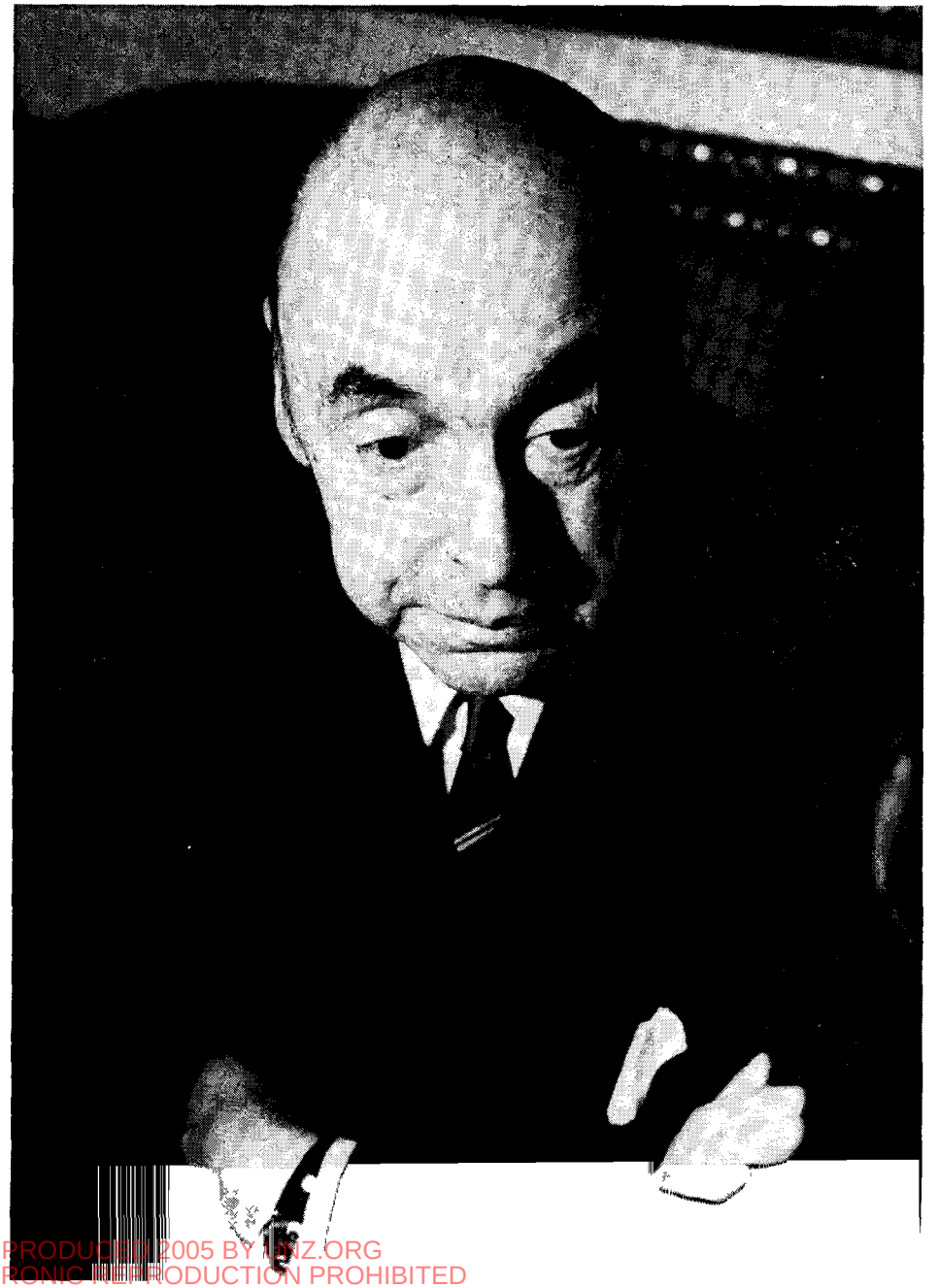
"THERE are times in Santiago," José Yglesias wrote in 1970 in *Down Under*, his study of three South American countries, "when one believes that the two major issues that divide the Chilean Left are: one, armed struggle; two, Pablo Neruda's style of living." Neruda had just been designated by the Communist party of Chile as its candidate for the presidency in the upcoming 1970 election. Regarded worldwide as the most prolific and excitingly imaginative poet then writing in Spanish, Neruda had also become a national hero. Since 1927 he had served in Chilean consular offices in Burma, Ceylon, Java, Singapore, Spain, Argentina, and Mexico. He had campaigned for previous presidential candidates, and in the 1940s he had sat briefly in the Chilean senate. Actually, his political experience at home and abroad was sizable; his chance of winning the election, decent. Yet, as Yglesias observed, some leftists refused to take Neruda's candidacy seriously. For how were they to deal with Neruda's notoriously bourgeois habits, his collections of rare books and ships' figureheads, his ownership of no less than two houses—in Santiago and in Isla Negra, on the coast near Valparaíso? And who would run Chile during the afternoons from three to five, the hours of Neruda's much publicized siestas?

As it turned out, Pablo Neruda's lifestyle was never tested in the presidential election of 1970, and it was not long before armed struggle left no place for comedy in the national mood. Ultimately resigning his candidacy in favor of the bid of Salvador Allende and the coalition Popular Unity party, Neruda worked actively in Allende's successful campaign for office. Appointed ambassador to France by Allende, Neruda began the final editing of his *Memoirs* in Paris in 1972, when fame and good fortune must have seemed to him to have peaked. In October of the previous year, already showered with international homage, he had been awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature, the third Latin American ever to be so honored. More important to him, his hopes for a socialist Chile at last seemed realized.

Then, precipitously, at the close of 1972, Neruda's weather turned. Falling ill, he was forced to resign his ambassadorship and return home to Santiago. In his very last *Memoirs* entry, on September 14, 1973, three days after the overthrow of the Allende government by a military coup d'etat, he expressed his outrage and grief over the betrayal of Chilean democracy and the assassination of his president. A scant nine days later, on September 23,

Pablo Neruda—"Even poetry that professed to be impervious to politics was political to the roots."

Jean Lattès: Gamma/Liaison



Robert Maurer has just returned from five months in Argentina, where he was Fulbright Professor of American literature in Buenos Aires.

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Pablo Neruda died of a heart attack at age sixty-nine. Even before his wake, in Santiago, his home there was ransacked by military troops; and when thousands of chanting mourners following his coffin linked the names of Allende and Neruda, it was as if the poet had only symbolically relinquished the leadership of his country in 1970. "His death, like his life," one critic later noted, "kept pace with the fortunes of Chile." Six months after he died, his *Memoirs* was published in Buenos Aires under the title *Confiesco que he vivido* (*I Confess that I Have Lived*).

Attached to the end of a literary career that spanned five decades and that gathered to itself, like moss to a rock, more than 40 volumes of poetry, prose, verse drama, and translations, Neruda's *Memoirs* is not so much a summing up, a culmination of a life, as it is simply one more chapter added to his continuous revelation of himself. He was first driven to poetry, he says in *Memoirs,* by youthful shyness, a sort of "kink in the soul" that intensified both his sense of innate human solitude (the common inheritance of so many Latin-American writers) and his own particular separation from those around him. Thereafter, self-disclosure in poetry seemed to him one way of smashing whatever barriers were raised between himself and his fellowman; union—of man with man and of nation with nation—became initially a part of his personal credo and then expanded outward to become a part of his political beliefs. "There is no insurmountable solitude," Neruda declared in his Nobel Prize acceptance speech in Stockholm. "All paths lead to the same goal: to convey to others what we are."

Pablo Neruda's *Memoirs,* therefore, is not his first conscious venture into the confession of how he lived, who he was. His poetry is as progressive as it is prodigious, and it moves through stages in which he was—among other less definable things—a romanticist, a surrealist, an erotic lyricist, a symbolist, a realist, a political revolutionary. Through all these multitudinous sea changes, however, the constant is Neruda himself, and in some works he is pointedly autobiographical. His five-volume *Black Island Memorial* (*Memorial de Isla Negra*, 1964) is a remarkable collection of versified self-revelatory remembrances: his lost boyhood in the southern Chilean wilderness of Temuco; the arrival of poetry into his life; the brusque practicality of his railwayman father, which caused him to publish under an assumed name (his natal one being Neftalí Ricardo Reyes Basoalto); the sometimes exotic places where he lived; his political awakening; his loves; his thoughts, moods, observations. Only slightly less pointedly, almost every book he wrote—from the very early *Twenty Love Poems* (*Viente poemas de amor*, 1924) on to the monumental 340 poems on South American geo-history in *General Song* (*Canto general,* 1950) and well past the stage of his simplest lyricism in *Elemental Odes* (*Odas elementales,* 1954)—subscribes in its own way to a poetic conviction in *Memoirs*: "I believe in personality reached through any language, any form, any creative means used by the artist." Even the latest addition to the growing body of work now translated into English, *Song of Protest* (*Cancíon de gesta,* 1960*), Neruda's otherwise doctrinaire collection of political poems, is full of the impurity of his individuality.

NERUDA professes in *Memoirs* to have been, always, too simple a man, which was both his honor and his shame. He was born not to pass judgment, he says, but to love. From the start, his life's education was anti-literary and anti-intellectual, taking its source from instinct rather than from reason, arousing in him a suspicion of all fixed ideas, precepts, structures, and sects—including those of the Communist dialectic, which he subscribed to with reservations. His problem in his voluminous confessions, therefore, seems never to be W. B. Yeats's mystery of how to locate within his many-sided complexities a "unity of being," nor is it how to construct any vast Yeatsian synthetic "vision." Like Walt Whitman, his acknowledged model, Neruda seems at peace with his metamorphoses and contradictions. ("Pablo is one of the few happy men I have known," Ilya Ehrenburg once wrote about him.) His problem, rather, is how to fix in language the person he was at any given moment; the task, he wrote in *Black Island Memorial,* is never-ending:

"That's how I am," I'll say, leaving this
pretext in writing: "This is really my life."
But everyone knows that's not how it happens
at all.
Not only the cords in the net, but the air that
escapes the interstices matters:
the rest remains as it was: inapprehensible.

"No book has been able to wrap me up in paper," he said in another poem. "Book, let me go./I won't be clothed/in volumes."

As might be expected, his own pages of memoirs do not wrap up Neruda. A book of emblems, isolated memories, portraits of people he loved and admired, countries he visited, anecdotes, revealed secrets, and

**Song of Protest*, translated by Miguel Algarín. William Morrow, 1976, 118 pp., $5.95.

Two Poems by Pablo Neruda

So Is My Life

My duty moves along with my song:
I am I am not: That is my destiny.
I exist not if I do not attend to the pain
of those who suffer: they are my pains.
For I cannot be without existing for all,
for all who are silent and oppressed,
I come from the people and I sing for
them:
My poetry is song and punishment.
I am told: you belong to darkness.
Perhaps, perhaps, but I walk toward the
light.
I am the man of bread and fish
and you will not find me among books,
but with women and men:
they have taught me the infinite.

From *Song of Protest*, by Pablo Neruda, translated by Miguel Algarín. English translation © 1976 by Miguel Algarín. Reprinted by permission of William Morrow & Co.

The Tides

Drenched in my natural waters, I came of
age
like the mollusk in nautical phosphor;
salts broke and rebounded in me,
contrived the device of my intimate
skeleton.
How give it a name—something almost
unmoved in itself, in the blue, bitter
breathing
that gave back to me, wave after wave,
my unique intimations; that seethed
and then bodied me forth in the brine and
the resin:
the disdain and desire of a wave,
green rhythm at the heart of a mystery
that raised a diaphanous mansion;
a secret reserved to itself that I later
sensed as my own, like a pulse beat made
mine,
Till my song came of age, with the water.

From *A New Decade: Poems 1958–1967*, by Pablo Neruda, translated by Ben Belitt. © 1969 by Grove Press. © 1969 by Ben Belitt. Reprinted by permission of the publisher.

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"A glorious writer... This is a book that will nail you to your chair, will make you shout for joy, will scare the hell out of you."—William Cole, *Saturday Review*

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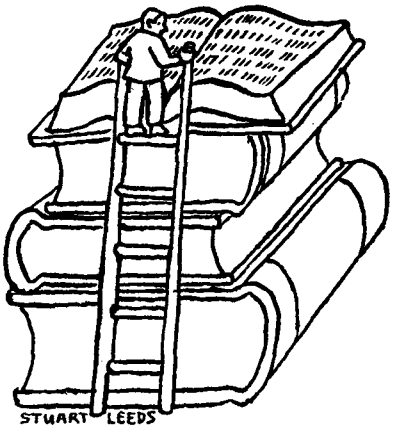
deftly placed prose poems, *Memoirs* escapes any falsifying straitjacket that a non-poet biographer might have woven of an orderly growth of a personality through time. After a conventional beginning, in which Neruda recalls his boyhood years, he pretty much leaves the job of detailed chronology to future scholars—and to his present editor, who obligingly provides one as an appendix. Barely into his life's story, writing on the coast of Isla Negra, Neruda exclaims:

> Years that are so far away! Reconstructing them, it's as if the sounds of waves I hear now touched something inside me again and again. . . . I shall take up those images without attention to chronological order, just like the waves that come and go.

Neruda is thus freed to skip about in time as images occur, or to omit whole portions of his life—as he does the years 1952 to 1957, when, he says, nothing extraordinary happened, "no adventures that would amuse my readers." Hence, while he dwells lovingly upon his second wife, Matilde Urrutia, he unaccountably confines almost all mention of his first, his "perfect mate" for 18 years, to a quoted paragraph by a friend. Or, writing four pages about a few of his most despicable adversaries, he can perversely fail to give their names, as if thereby bestowing upon them his curse of anonymity. Hence, too, though he often dwells at length on major writers throughout the world, he ignores completely that other South American literary giant across the Andes from him in Argentina, Jorge Luis Borges.

The result of Neruda's approach to his remembrances is a book of lapses, of airy interstices, but also of fullness—a sort of distilled essence of himself in both substance and form. He never seems prompted to play the part of sage, of the comprehensive thinker who somehow captures his life and era with trenchant abstractions; and except in isolated parts, *Memoirs* seems hardly to have been written at all, if we think of writing as language that is tight, sparse, impeccably fashioned, consciously structured. "Our [Latin] American stratum is dusty rock, crushed lava, clay mixed with blood," Neruda says, attributing his style to his continental heritage. "We don't know how to work in crystal." Perhaps for these reasons, it is doubtful that *Memoirs* will ever appear on a list of great literary autobiographies. Much more certain is its destiny as a book of uses. It is the starting point for all future biographers. It will serve as a rich mine of support for those who share Neruda's political views—particularly his sections on Spain during the Civil War, the Russian Revolution, Red China, Castro's Cuba, and his own Chile. The chapter "Poetry Is an Occupation" is invaluable for students of Neruda's work, and innumerable short portraits of writers and artists should serve scholars as a bottomless source of opinions and quotations.

For common readers, even ones who might initially be repulsed by Neruda's position on the far Left, what emerges from *Memoirs* is a portrait of a man who arouses strong affection—a man incredibly sensitive to implications within the most minute experience; honest, wise, ageless; bubbling with humor and joy (who never can miss a visit to a zoo, and who admits to looking like a tapir); who is self-possessed and even vain about accomplishments that merit vanity ("My integrity," he announces proudly, "is in my poetry"); who is sometimes silly and naïve, like us; incurably optimistic through all his despair; a gentle, compassionate man. Such readers, too, can be led to an understanding of how, through Neruda's experiences with poverty, suffering, and oppression in East and West, he encountered a sense of inevitably divided responsibility: toward faith in the individual self as the core of any system, and also toward what he calls the "honorable army" that moves forward and struggles. The drama of his position in Latin America, he once said, didn't permit him the luxury of being uncommitted; and he felt strongly that even poetry that professed to be impervious to politics was thus political to the roots. "Everyone has to choose a road," he said in an interview with Robert Bly, "a refined and intellectual way, or a more brotherly, general way, trying to embrace the world around you, to discover the new world." Neruda's choice was the second one. It was, in a word, Whitman's. ◉



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The Centrifugal City

Manhattan Moves Uptown
by Charles Lockwood
Houghton Mifflin, 343 pp., $17.50

The Growth of Victorian London
by Donald J. Olsen
Holmes & Meier, 384 pp., $22.50

Reviewed by Roland Gelatt

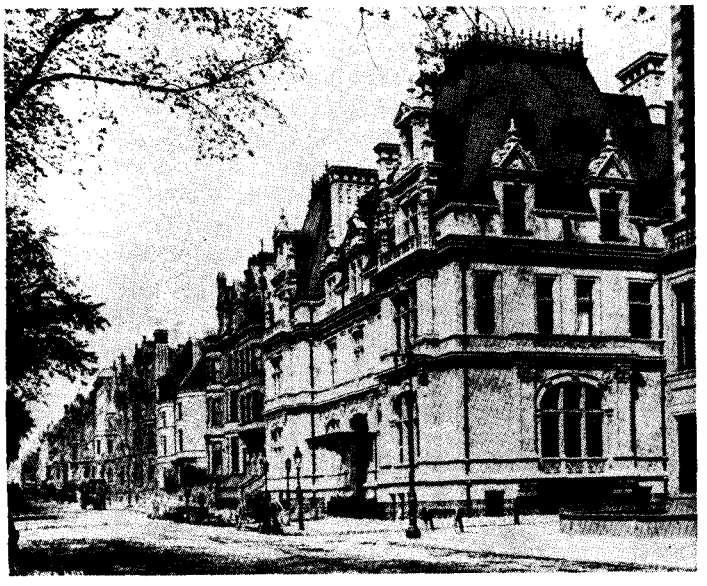
THE yesterdays of a great city have a compulsive fascination. They persuade us that the past is a not-quite-so-foreign country. No matter what else has changed in our urban centers, the bend of a street or the rise of a hill remains the same. And so we scour old photographs of familiar streetscapes with an intent and proprietary eye, trying to situate ourselves in a topography that is at once readily recognizable and utterly strange, almost as if we could bid time return simply by walking into the picture before us. It is an agreeable illusion, and books like these two on New York and London serve admirably to sustain it.

Charles Lockwood's chronicle of Manhattan's headlong *Drang nach Norden* provides melancholy affirmation of the maxim that the more things change the more they are the same. Surveying sidewalks piled high with bricks and lumber, a reporter complains that "there is no other city in the world where builders are allowed such a perfect monopoly of the streets." A visitor from Britain notes that "terrible outrages and murderous assaults are matters of such nightly occurrence as to be thought hardly worthy of notice." An editorialist draws attention to the escalating cost of renting an apartment and observes that "the landlords are 'masters of the position,' and are careful to let their tenants know as much." Indeed, rents have gotten "so intolerably high as to trench on [the tenants'] daily necessities, to crowd them into smaller and smaller spaces, and drive thousands from the city." Another editorialist laments that New York has become "the city of modern ruins. . . . Oh, for the day when some portion may be considered finished for a few years." The quotations date back 120 years or more.

But if essentials remain the same, appearances are drastically altered. During the mid-nineteenth century, Manhattan moved uptown at the rate of three blocks a year. Neighborhoods went out of fashion within two or three decades, and the buildings left behind fell either into decay or, more often, into oblivion. Lockwood tells the story of New York's pell-mell progress from the Battery to the Bronx with a keen sense for the appropriate anecdote and the piquant detail, and his book is festooned with splendid prints and photos culled from the New York Historical Society and the Museum of the City of New York.

He does not, however, do much to analyze the subcurrents underlying that mighty surge to the north. We learn about the magnificent hotels and department stores that lined Broadway south of Houston Street, but nothing of the cast-iron technology that made them feasible, and there is scant attention paid to the effect of New York's burgeoning colony of im-

Departed glories on Fifth Avenue (below) and the flamboyant facades of Cadogan Square—"Nineteenth-century New York survives only in shreds and patches, nineteenth-century London is still largely extant."



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migrants on the urban environment. The book also shows evidence of hasty editing. The foreword mentions a bibliography that is nowhere to be found, and there are some puzzling discrepancies between text and illustrations, as well as more than the customary allotment of lapses in proofreading.

DONALD J. OLSEN's study of Victorian London is a more thoughtful book and a more engaging one. Unlike nineteenth-century New York, which survives only in shreds and patches, nineteenth-century London is still largely extant. "Most of the London we enjoy," the author notes, "is Victorian either in its fabric or its layout, or at least in its inspiration." This gives his account a pertinency beyond mere remembrances of things past. The photo in the Lockwood book of French Renaissance mansions lording it on Fifth Avenue prompts us to marvel at departed glories. But we can look at an 1886 photo of Cadogan Square in *The Growth of Victorian London* and make a mental note to renew acquaintance with these flamboyant facades on our next trip to London.

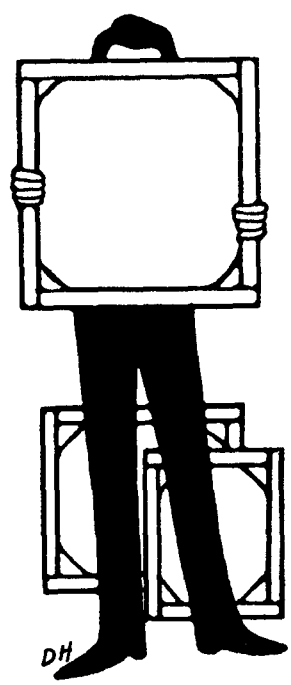
Moreover, Olsen is not content just to describe the expansion of Greater London, though he does a superb job of shepherding us through the successive outcroppings of that vast conurbation. In addition, he sets out to "read" London as a palpable embodiment of the Victorian mind and soul. What the Victorians built, he suggests, may be more revealing than what their intellectuals wrote. In a typically trenchant aside, the author observes:

> That most Victorians of sensibility themselves either condemned or ignored the railway in their writings may mislead the modern scholar. So may the future reader of journals of opinion of the late twentieth century conclude that everyone today loathes motor cars, and that our system of motorways has been forced on an unwilling public. Just as no one really likes our motorized civilization except the vast majority of the population, so enthusiasm for the steam engine and the iron rail was confined in early Victorian England to those who did not write poetry or periodical essays.

Victorian civilization made its imprint on every aspect of London as the metropolis pushed out from the confines of The City and Westminster to embrace first the nearby suburbs of Bayswater, Notting Hill, Kensington, and Chelsea, and then—with the arrival of cheap rail transportation—the outer suburbs stretching as far as that demarcation line where Greater London abruptly ends and the "green belt" begins. Olsen quotes liberally from architectural journals of the period to show how the Victorians themselves viewed these accretions to the London cityscape. And so that we may try to see that cityscape as the Victorians did, he draws an apt parallel:

> Many in America can recall the delight with which they greeted the first few examples of functionalist architecture, how happily they contrasted with the ubiquitous *beaux arts* buildings of the central cities or the mock-Tudor or Cape Cod of the suburbs. Yet gradually delight turned to dismay as the functional became the universal style. The Lever Building on Park Avenue still elicits a favorable aesthetic response, but how much less now than it did when it was not yet surrounded by vulgar imitations! So at first did Victorian architect-designed buildings charm by novelty and contrast. Set against a background of drab Georgian brick they seemed neither over-decorated nor over-emphatic, their splashes of strident colors, their varied and rough-textured exteriors, their irregular skylines made sense when they were individual exclamations of exuberance set in a background of restraint and understatement.

To be sure, much of Victorian London was and is grim, bleak, and forbidding, as Olsen would be the first to admit. But overall, its nineteenth-century legacy has made London the most livable of the world's great cities. No one has celebrated it better or more cogently than this artfully erudite professor of history at Vassar College. ◉



Books

Passions of th "Red Virgin"

Simone Weil: A Life
by Simone Pétrement
Pantheon, 577 pp., $15

Reviewed by Bruce Cook

WHOMEVER the world cannot consume it eventually canonizes. Suitable myths are wrapped around these blessed indigestibles, makeup applied, halos placed—and there we have our saints for the season.

Of all those accorded such treatment in this century, and there have been quite a few, none was as surely marked for it as was Simone Weil. Although this Frenchwoman—philosopher, controversialist, mystic—died in 1943, at the age of thirty-four, she was legendary even in her own lifetime for her tireless self-sacrifice on behalf of the poor and the politically oppressed. After her death, she was claimed by the Catholic Church and granted a kind of informal, posthumous reception into the faith that she, a Jew, had so longed to join. Given the nature of her most private writings during her last years, most of them Christian-devotional, such a development would not have surprised and could only have pleased her. However, she might well have been astonished and perhaps bewildered to find herself presently being taken up, at this late date, by the feminists and made a martyr, *mutatis mutandis*, to their cause.

This being the case, Simone Pétrement's biography is most welcome. It is an extended and almost excessively conscientious effort by a friend to rescue Weil from the shroud of myth that has surrounded her all these years. Was there, after all, a human being hidden beneath the halo? Read through the nearly 600 pages of this book and you realize that Simone Weil was indeed a touching, if somewhat incomplete, human.

Much of this conviction we are left to form for ourselves, since the author has a

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poor way with an anecdote and simply loes not appear to grasp the meaning of a good deal of what she tells us. Luckily, he tells so much that we can draw our own conclusions.

For example, she seems to have determined in advance to represent Simone Weil's childhood as having been healthy, happy, and normal in every way (except, perhaps, for a certain precocious solicitude for the poor). Yet, as the daughter of a physician, Simone had been instilled with an excessive fear of "microbes" and was made to wash and rewash her hands constantly. In between she would speak of her "disgustingness." And she had a morbid fear of certain foods all her life and shrank from even the most routine sort of physical contact with others.

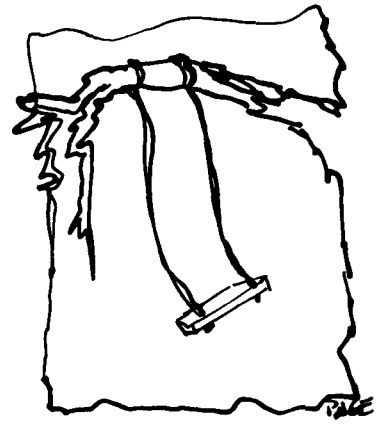
Sex? There was an incident with an exhibitionist in the Luxembourg Gardens —an encounter that her brother, the mathematician André Weil, dismisses as being "without great importance." Nevertheless, by the time Simone entered college, in the mid-1930s, she said she considered herself ugly (which she certainly wasn't) and she had "definitively renounced the normal life of a woman."

At the Ecole Normale, Simone was known to the teachers as "the Red Virgin" and so intimidated and annoyed her fellow students with petitions and calls for demonstrations that there was a plan to make her the butt of all the skits and songs in the annual student revue (this idea was dropped only after an emotional appeal by her friends). Even the philosopher Alain, an earlier and favorite teacher of hers (and an influence throughout her entire life), referred to Simone behind her back as "the Martian—all eyes and brain." And he observed what Simone Pétrement, her fellow student, evidently did not and still does not—"that some common element of humanity was missing in her."

In short, she was something of a misfit, in school and out. On graduating from the Ecole Normale, she took a teaching post at a *lycée* in Le Puy and plunged herself into volunteer work with the miners' union there. She also led a series of successful demonstrations by the unemployed before the city council. This effort, as it turned out, brought her for the first time to national notice, for she was denounced in right-wing Paris papers as "the Jewess Mlle. Weill [sic]" and "a militant of Moscow." She was not a Communist in this period or in any other; though tempted by the party, she never joined it and later found much in it to criticize.

Sent away in short order from her post at Le Puy, Simone continued as an activist wherever she taught during the next few years. And she wrote article after essay, engaging in controversies, exposing the brutal state of the workers and the unemployed in Depression France. She also traveled, taking a trip to Germany to report on conditions there on the eve of the Nazi take-over. And there were ideological meetings with Malraux and Trotsky. By 1935, when she was twenty-six, Simone had become an important voice of the Left, known and respected, even feared by some.

Not content with this immodest degree of commitment, she took a year off from teaching to do factory work, ending up at the huge Renault plant just outside Paris. She wanted not only to be a partisan of the working class but also to share its life. She found the experience chastening and discouraging. Separated by her intellect, her education, and her awkward personality from those she wanted to serve, she would never again feel as comfortable or as confident in her role as their spokesman. From that time on Simone turned increasingly inward and seemed to be more and more in conflict with herself. When she went to the Spanish Civil War, ostensibly as a journalist, she wound up carrying a rifle with an anarchist brigade in spite of her pacifist beliefs—at the same time convinced that she could never really fire the weapon at anyone if she were ordered to do so. She was just as much at cross-purposes on the question of France's involvement in a war with Germany—being certain at first that no concession was too great in order to buy peace; then, with the outbreak of war in 1939, suddenly becoming a firebrand in the defense of her country.



With the collapse of the Third Republic, Simone escaped with her parents to Marseilles, in the Unoccupied Zone, where they were at least safe from the Gestapo. It was there that Christianity, which had long fascinated her, became an absolute obsession. Her public writings only tended in that direction, but her private writings—the notebooks she began keeping—became the record of an inner life lived at the frontier of mystical experience. She started taking instruction in the Catholic faith, and—despite many intellectual objections—might actually have converted if the family had remained a little longer in Marseilles. However, they managed to secure passage to Casablanca and from there, on a Portuguese ship, to New York.

For Simone Weil, New York was no more than a way station. She wanted desperately to get to London and join the Free French there, having meanwhile hatched a couple of harebrained military plans: one had to do with the formation of a corps of frontline nurses, and the other called for her to be parachuted into occupied France to make contact with the Resistance. If she could only get to London, she was sure one or both of them would be adopted, allowing her to take an active part in the war.

Here, even Simone Pétrement cannot help but acknowledge that her friend was beginning to show signs of mental unbalance. It was while she was in New York, after she had made contact with the Free French and was awaiting transportation to London, that Simone Weil wrote what Pétrement quite rightly calls the "terrible prayer" that foreshadowed her end. In it, she asked "that I may be unable to will any bodily movement, or even any attempt at movement, like a total paralytic. That I may be incapable of receiving any sensation. . . . That I may be unable to make the slightest connection between two thoughts. . . ." She seems to have wished, it would appear, to be reduced to extinction in order to achieve union with God.

By the time Simone Weil reached London she was a borderline psychotic. She busied herself writing position papers for the government-in-exile until her military

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plans might be presented for consideration. When at last they were, De Gaulle is said to have exclaimed, "The woman is mad!" Crushed, she resigned her post with the Free French and not long after that was found in her room, collapsed, ill, wasted. An English doctor detected tuberculosis, though not very advanced, in both lungs. Treatment would not have been difficult, but Simone Weil refused to eat. Over a period of a few months she managed to starve herself to death. Did she want to die? Simone Pétrement, unwilling to acknowledge this, suggests she merely wished to "risk death." In any case, the cause of death was given as suicide by the English coroner.

I don't know. You go back over the kind of life lived by Simone Weil, searching for the humanity in her, and you wind up asking yourself how she could have become so widely regarded as a saint —that is, as a moral giant. She seems, rather, a victim—not of the war, not of the times, but of her own luminous intensity. Yet it is this intensity that we find most attractive in her. I've seen it in others, too, and have been drawn to it. Most of these others, as I think back, were Jewish, and many of them were female. What is it in such people? High intelligence, perhaps, an all-consuming hunger for justice, a passionate seriousness —all of these combined in a kind of disproportionate prodigality of spirit.

And finally, I cannot read or write about Simone Weil without being powerfully reminded of the writer and poet Michele Murray. There were many points of likeness between them. Though Michele was as sane as any person I have ever known, she shared that same luminous intensity. With her it was contained, controlled, and directed into her writing. She had converted from Judaism to Catholicism and was herself attracted to Simone Weil, so much so that she had planned a book about her before she died, at the age of forty, several years ago. With both women there comes that awful sense of incompleteness—a sense of loss not just of years to them but of books to us. Most of all I miss the book Michele Murray would have written on Simone Weil. I like to think it would have been a better one than this massive biography by Simone Pétrement. For without wishing to seem ungrateful to Weil's well-intentioned friend for what she has done, I believe there is more to be said about Simone Weil—perhaps in fewer words, more judiciously chosen and gracefully assembled. ◉

Books

Pilgrim's Progress in Wigton

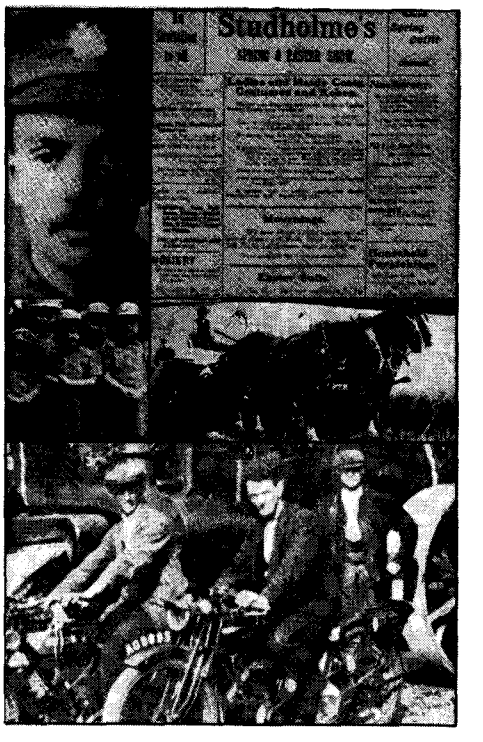
Speak for England
by Melvyn Bragg
Knopf, 512 pp., $15

Reviewed by Clancy Sigal

In September 1939, Melvyn Bragg reminds us, "England was in danger. The danger, which is again with us now, consisted chiefly in not speaking out when we needed to, not standing up for what we believed in. . . ." England has lost its way, and Bragg wants to set the country aright, just as he put his own life in order by returning to his Cumberland roots after the death of his first wife. He was born in Wigton, just south of the Scottish border, and in his latest book he has compiled a massive oral history of this small market and factory town, from the turn of the century to the present day. *Speak for England* has the flat, unpatronizing power of Bragg's Cumbrian novels, such as *The Hired Man* and *A Place In England*—and also their undercurrent of anger, even bitterness, against the centuries-old class system that has darkened the lives of his people for so long. Yet the major flaw in this work is that it is too nice, too filial. There are no scoundrels, no black sheep. The author has given us a sincere, unmalicious, and perhaps oversimple tribute to a place he can always safely return to.

Though he is now a highly paid screenwriter and BBC personality, Bragg still identifies emotionally with his working-class family. The Braggs of Wigton go back 300 years, and yet Melvyn is the first to get a decent education—by state scholarship to Oxford—and to be free to stretch himself to his limits. One of the most touching yet restrained testimonies in the book is that of Bragg's grandmother, seventy-eight-year-old Elizabeth Armstrong, a miner's daughter, who describes a daily round of misery that is almost medieval—a cycle of near starvation, backbreaking farm chores, the humiliation of standing in a dole queue after her coal-mining husband had had a pit accident. "It was a crime if you were lazy in them days. Something you couldn't live down," declares Mrs. Armstrong with rueful pride, and without a trace of self-pity.

In contrast to down-to-earth people like Mrs. Armstrong, Bragg sees in the rest of



the country what he calls "an infection of will at the top" and a "snobbery which in its dying years has clamped a last grip about England's throat." If the snobs have their way, says Bragg, "then we, like Spain in the seventeenth century, will sink sadly in the West. But within England now there is, as there has been for centuries, a mass of energy; for it to be released . . . there needs to be a general recognition that by taking people as they are *now* . . . England will be restored."

To lend himself to this restoration,

Clancy Sigal is author of Going Away, Weekend in Dinlock, *and a novel,* Zone of the Interior.

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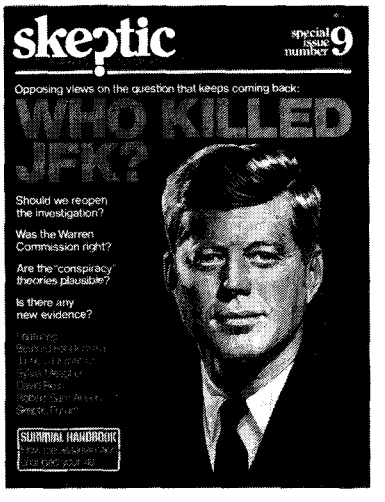
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SATURDAY REVIEW 5IIII

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Bragg spent five years faithfully recording "the voice of the people" of Wigton for a "human history" to set beside the conventional, Oxford-taught texts that are usually "testament[s] of what the leaders of society have ordered to be done."

As if slightly unsure of them, Bragg presents his people as almost too trusting, fair-minded, unradical. Many of the older ones, having endured two major wars and a long, racking depression (85 percent unemployed in one two-year period), now look back with the pride of lucky survivors.

Illustrations: From the book jacket.

On the whole, Bragg's Wigtoners don't complain. This may partly reflect the traditional stoicism of the working class in northern England. But the even, placid tone of Bragg's informants also owes much to his method of screening out the "characters" and big talkers. He admits that he "itched to embroider and take off gossip," but he forced himself not to fictionalize or dwell on unpleasantries. It's our loss. As every journalist knows, and as my own travels through Britain confirm, the ordinary Englishman is conditioned to circumspection, even secretiveness, and pledged to a conspiracy of silence and caution. In a place like Wigton, where the only work comes from two huge, paternalistic factories and a few extremely conservative farmers, this prudent tendency to "tell him just so much and no more" is impelled by self-preservation, even (though Bragg might deny this) by simple fear. The reluctance of Bragg's "speakers" completely to let their hair down makes the absence of town characters and compulsive talkers all the more glaring. For all their exaggerations, it is such eccentrics who might have injected a useful dash of grit, even of violence, into this suspiciously well-balanced group portrait.

BRAGG'S discretion is pardonable, because he knows that the people he loves are vulnerable to the continual, nagging prejudice built into the English class system. But by being needlessly protective, Bragg denies his friends a certain human fullness, and this unwittingly plays into the hands of the condescending critics whom Bragg rightly resents.

My other worry is the author's claim that his book is "a representative record of English life during this century." Though I, too, came to admire Bragg's neighbors almost as much as he does, not for a moment was I convinced of their universality. Wigton is local, particular, a uniquely attractive mix of town and country. Most of England, *pace* all that Puritanian propaganda about thatched roofs and pastoral meadows dished out by the British Tourist Board, is highly urbanized, crowded, and—dare one say it?—richer in texture and even humor. (As a Londoner with a special fondness for large northern multiracial cities like Liverpool and Manchester, I am admittedly prejudiced.)

Still, readers who carefully pick their way through these interviews will be richly rewarded with a fascinating saga of personal memoirs that do, in fact, add up to the kind of "people's history" that (as Bragg correctly asserts) almost always gets left out of the academic books and tourist guides. Up to World War II, Wigton folk worked hard and unquestioningly and respected their betters; they died in the trench-abattoirs of Passchendaele without resentment. Women understood their place. But after the General Strike of 1926 and the Depression, which hit the North like a never-ending hurricane, the war against Hitler opened up possibilities till then undreamed of by ordinary people. Servicemen sent back their pay; women came out—and stayed out—of the kitchen to make munitions. For the first time in hundreds of years, many average Wigtoners were offered what peacetime English society had always denied them: richness of choice. Politically, working people at home let their government know that if total war meant sacrifices from all, then the postwar rewards must be equally shared as well.

The symbol of this revolutionary change was the 1944 Education Act, enabling bright young boys like Melvyn Bragg to forge ahead on sheer brainpower. At Oxford, mixing with the posh and learned, he became a self-confessed "culture vulture" and abandoned Wigton for the cash and status rewards of London. Today, by virtue of his eight novels, his membership on the Arts Council, and his TV eminence, he is a celebrity. He has a Hampstead home, gossip columns follow his doings, and—as if to mark his ascendancy—he is frequently satirized in that Burke's Peerage of the intelligentsia, *Private Eye*. So far, that's the familiar Pilgrim's Progress of most "provincial" writers in England who take off for the southern lights of the Home Counties at the first sign of public recognition.

But Bragg somehow is different. He went back, and he now divides his time between London and Wigton. Among the many photographs in this decent and valuable book is one showing four generations of smiling Braggs on a settee: Bragg's grandmother, father, himself, and his teen-age daughter. All look in place, *there*. One senses how overridingly important it is to Bragg that he reimmerse himself in the deep, broad-living continuity that so successfully shaped him. ◉

Wit Twister No. 90

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 61.

His lofty — — — — — — — —
ill becomes the priest;
While deprecating greed, he eyes the
feast.
Since nothing has been — — —
— — — —, the divine
— — — — — — — — God's
blessings like a vintage wine.

A. S.

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Books in Brief

Evidence of Love
by Shirley Ann Grau
Knopf, 240 pp., $7.95

This latest of Shirley Ann Grau's novels is an elaborated study of a father and a son whom she first introduced in *The Patriarch*, a short story published several years ago. Spare, and dry to the point of aridity, the narrative portraits emerge in three separate sections related, in turn, by Edward Milton Henley, a desiccated millionaire who looks back on a life of virtually uninterrupted self-service; his son Stephen, a graying Unitarian minister steeped in the passions of scholarship; and Stephen's wife, Lucy, a woman with a past, whom life leaves widowed and isolated in a Florida retirement in which her days "spin as smoothly as glass" and where she can "watch dust spin in a fall of sunlight by the hour."

As the contours of these three destinies take shape, one waits, with mounting impatience and finally in vain, for something in the proceedings to catch fire. Though the *idea* of the novel is engaging enough—allowing for immediacy and detail in the self-portraits, variety in the incidents and in the settings their reflections recapture—the totality is curiously flat and uninspired. To be sure, the book has its moments; sparks fly especially in Lucy's section, perhaps because the author is most in touch with the rhythms of a female sensibility. It is difficult to say exactly what goes wrong in *Evidence of Love*. Peopled with characters resurrected from a previous work, the novel is obviously an investigation of lives the Pulitzer prizewinning author herself has found compelling. Alas, there is very little here to make us agree that she should have found them so.

—JANE LARKIN CRAIN

The Rio Loja Ringmaster
by Lamar Herrin
Viking, 305 pp., $10.00

Baseball and women are the preoccupations of this brash first novel. Herrin evidently wants to sweep the Series with his hungry reach, and one rises to one's feet to cheer him on despite his lapses. Trying too hard is one error; he is tempted to put some kind of twist on too many of the sentences he pitches. Remarkably apt, a lot of them, but often they dazzle past, leaving the reader staring at an empty mitt. The hero is Dick Dixon, sometime major-league ballplayer getting over a failed marriage in Mexico. He wants both to throw a ball as hard as he can and to find a woman who can harmonize his life, and those two wants clash. They certainly clash with Lorraine, his ego-demolishing wife.

Much of the novel takes place in a small Mexican town, where Dixon is putting himself back together and playing some cactus-league *béisbol*. He is drawn in turn to Terry, an artist who takes her art more seriously than she does him; Mercedes, trapped in a loveless marriage; and Consuelo, heart-whole and healing. These relationships will give partisans of women more than a moment's pause. Herrin is a watchable heir to the Hemingway tradition, eager to be with the boys in the cantina, but eager also to be with the busts of authors in the pantheon.

—RALPH TYLER

Come Back, Lolly Ray
by Beverly Lowry
Doubleday, 230 pp., $7.95

Lolly Ray is the town twirler. Suited up in dime-size solid-gold overlapping sequins and launching her baton into space like a silver star, she is at once a metaphor for lost southern glory and the embodiment of contemporary southern kitsch. Lolly's ability to transcend her background—generations of red-necks and trailer-camp eccentrics, always on the outskirts of social acceptance—is an act of imagination and will, a sign that, like her baton, the South will rise again. Her failure to complete that transcendence is what the town has always known—you can't get over what you are—town drunk, whore, or bootlegger; town Chinaman-artist, Jew-judge, or town trailer tramp.

Carroll Cunningham is, like Lolly, finishing high school (a military boarding school), and, like her, is indifferent to the conventions of the town, even though his family is on the top rung of the social ladder. In a romantic novel, their lives would intertwine. But Beverly Lowry eschews romantic storytelling for trenchant social observation. Boy and girl do not meet. Instead, they form pieces of a mosaic of southern small-town life, which, under a gloss of consumerism, is cemented in the past and only grudgingly is giving up its ghosts.

The traditionally southern twin themes of transcending defeat and resisting the flood tides of change dominate this wry annotation to *Gone With the Wind*. Bronze statues of ancestors gleaming in moonlit

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graveyards are rendered tragi-romantic . . . and ridiculous. Lolly Ray brings her boyfriend, Lieutenant James Blue, to view this memorial to glorious defeat. James trips over a gravestone, loosens his bowels, and loses his erection, but is otherwise unhurt.

Lowry's imagery has the energy and tension of paradox—exquisite lacework crocheted by an obscene old woman; the shimmering, yellow flow of a pageboy hairdo on a drunk. She achieves satire by piling up a purposeful superfluity of details about social artifacts: Buicks, brassieres, Sunday-school medals. She charts the course of silly and bigoted codes of behavior and probes the pain and longing of those who don't fit in. A book of multiple and varied pleasures.

—SUSAN HOROWITZ

The Selfish Gene
by Richard Dawkins
Oxford, 224 pp., $8.95

RICHARD DAWKINS's book is going to disappoint a lot of readers, and not necessarily because it is a bad one. From the advertising and the blurb, readers may be led to expect a pop-science work full of controversial statements about sex, violence, and other plummy topics. What they will get instead is a finely reasoned, rather involved discussion of one of the fine points of evolutionary biology, a discussion that is longer on mathematics than on controversy.

The book is devoted to the thesis that the basic unit of evolution is neither the species nor the individual but the "selfish gene" of the title. According to this theory, we are all "survival machines," programmed by our genes to promote their best interests. Dawkins makes a persuasive, if not totally convincing, argument for the selfish-gene theory. He writes well and cites a great deal of interesting scientific work, so the book will reward those who really care about the details of evolutionary theory.

Dawkins, a scientist himself, seems too restrained to go in for the freewheeling theorizing about human sexuality and the roots of mankind's violent behavior that made Desmond Morris's *The Naked Ape* and Robert Ardrey's *African Genesis* best sellers. Since people are more interested in sex and violence than in the mathematics of evolution, they're likely to be disappointed by Dawkins's more competent example of science writing.

—EDWARD EDELSON

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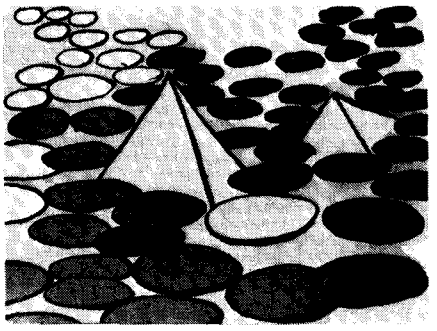

ALEXANDER CALDER's "Circle of Pyramids"

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Academia Nuts

If you were to shout, "Is there a doctor in the house?" at a convention of the Modern Language Association (MLA), you might get 10,000 affirmative answers. These would not, of course, be from medical doctors but from Ph.D.'s involved in the teaching of languages and literature. The most recent convention—the ninety-first—overflowed New York's adjacent Hilton and Americana hotels during the three days following Christmas, with 666 meetings spread over that short time. And why convene then? Because that's an academic holiday, as well as the slowest time of the year for hotels, which offer substantial discounts in order to fill their rooms and assembly halls.

The purpose of the convention is the exchange of scholarly information at symposia and in the giving of papers. But the MLA is also a socializing jamboree and—very importantly—a job mart in a time when there are more Ph.D.'s looking for positions than there are openings. I saw among the entries in the 99-page program a discussion entitled "Nicholas Rowe: The Man and His Work." Being quite unlearned, I had never heard of the chap. So I upped and asked a young lady from Bucknell with whom I was waiting for an elevator, "You must know this kind of thing—who's Nicholas Rowe?" Quick as a shot she answered, "An eighteenth-century dramaturgist. Do I get the job?" (It crossed my mind that I probably wouldn't give a job to somebody who said dramaturgist instead of dramatist.)

Some of the sessions listed in the program make it seem that no scholarly stone is left unturned. How about "Homosexuality in Urdu Court Poetry," or the Poe Society talking about "On the Coincidence of Wet Plasters in 'The Black Cat' "? Or, to be more pop, "The Language of Mary Hartman"? Is there much to say about "The Literary Tradition of Cyprus"? And what about the paper called "The Large, Loose, Baggy Monsters of Pynchon and Gaddis"? Special sessions were devoted to the work of John Updike (there's a John Updike Society), Malcolm Lowry, Joyce Carol Oates (she attended the discussion, which must have seemed strange), Anthony Burgess, John Hawkes, and Rebecca West.

Book publishers were showing and telling about their college-oriented wares in the exhibition hall of the Hilton. The usual routine was for a teacher to leaf through the books, select a few that looked likely for adoption, and request free examination copies. I asked a salesman if a lot of books were chiseled this way. "Oh, no," he replied. "Back at the office we check each request against the course and the number of pupils; if it doesn't seem worthwhile, we don't send the freebie." Editors put in stints at the booths to meet friends from academe and to coddle any of their firms' authors who might happen to be there. Remember the byword "Publish or perish"? One editor told me that quite a few books eventuate from MLA connections. "It's not an ideal hunting ground," he said. "Much too frantic. But you can always make an appointment to see somebody later in your office or over a drink." Among the authors I saw strolling around were William Empson, Harold Bloom, John A. Williams, Terrence Des Pres, Morris Philipson, Benjamin DeMott, Erica Jong, and, all in a bunch, hurrying to attend a program honoring Elizabeth Bishop, were Mark Strand, James Merrill, William Meredith, and Howard Moss, and the younger poets Heather McHugh, Terry Stokes, and Rachel Hadas.

The conventioneers tend to gather in knots in the hotel lobbies, talking shop and old times. A skilled eavesdropper hears things like:

"How're you for heaven's sake good to see you!"

"He's not a deep thinker; he's a fertile-imagination guy."

"Say, what's the weather like in Utah? Can you keep a horse outdoors year-round?"

"When the truth is at stake, human feelings don't matter."

"Who's walkin' the dog?"

"The department nominates them and the dean vetoes them."

"Where did I know you?"

"If I don't see someone I know within the first five minutes, I consider the MLA a disappointment!"

In 1973, I wrote an article about the MLA for *The New York Times*. Looking around the meeting just past, I didn't notice any startling changes. Unemployment seems a bit worse; topic subjects remain similarly arcane; there are just as many beards, and perhaps more women—about half. A noticeable change is the proliferation of discussions of gay matter: Gay Caucuses and sessions on such topics as "Language in the Gay Community." One note in the *MLA Convention Daily* is interesting. In a section devoted to changes in the printed program, this ran: "Gay Caucus for the Modern Languages—Jodi Braxton is not a lesbian feminist and will not participate in meeting 195." ◉

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ASSINIBOIN HUNTING BUFFALO by Paul Kane *oil*, 18½ x 29¾ Collection of The National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa

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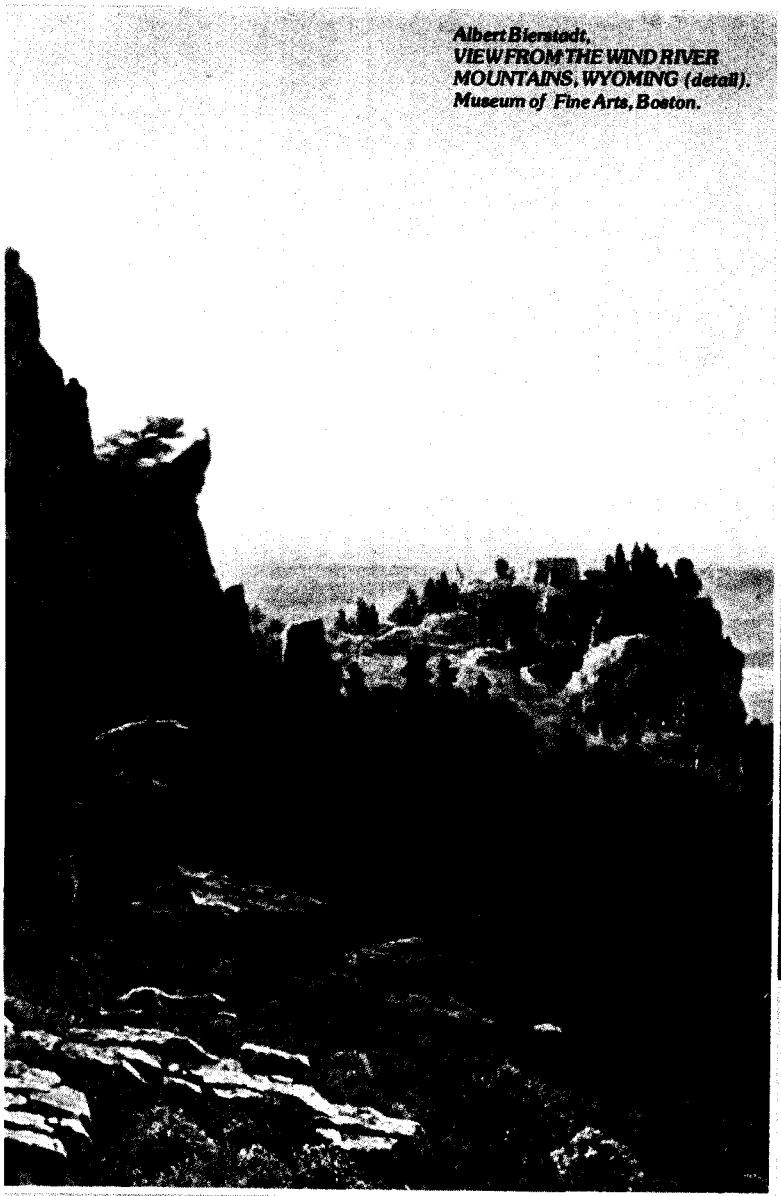
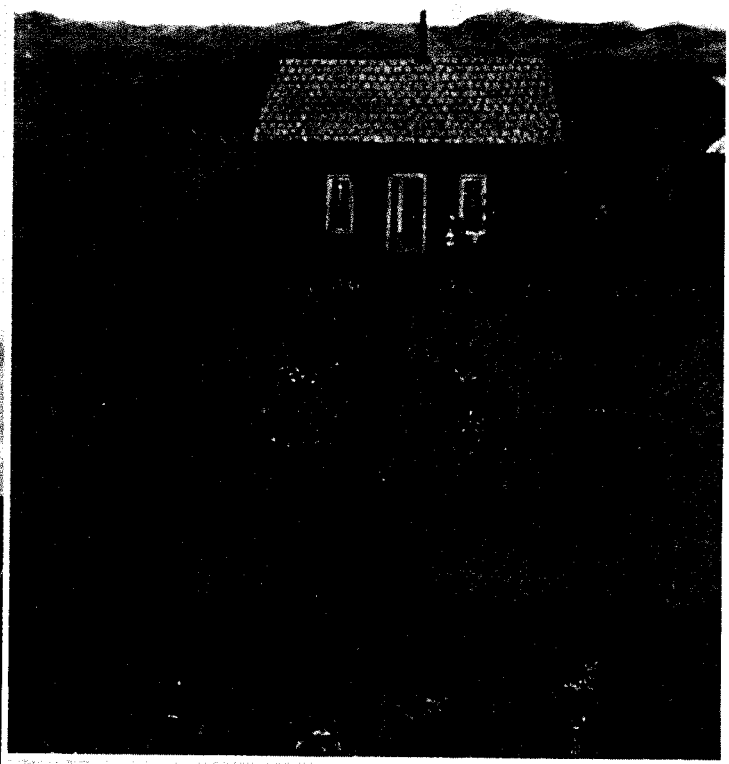
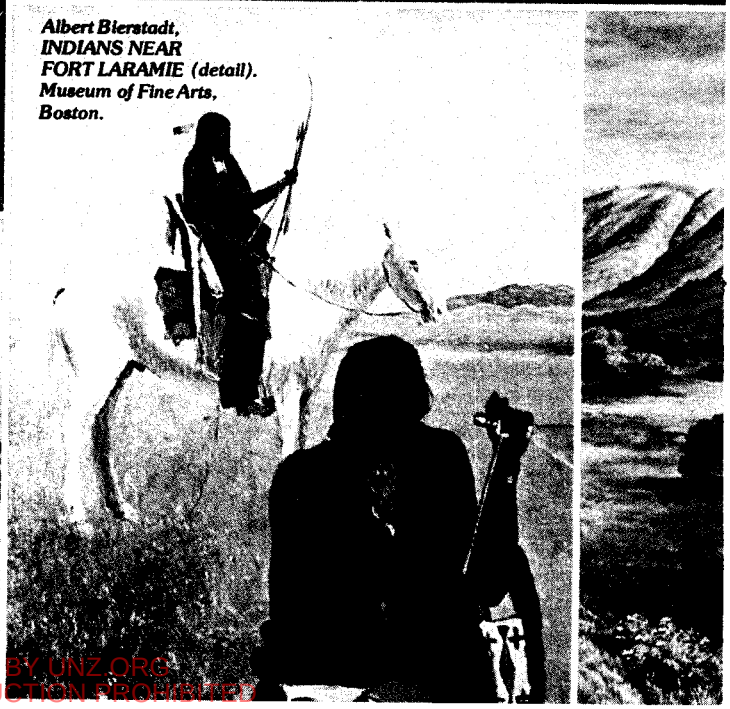
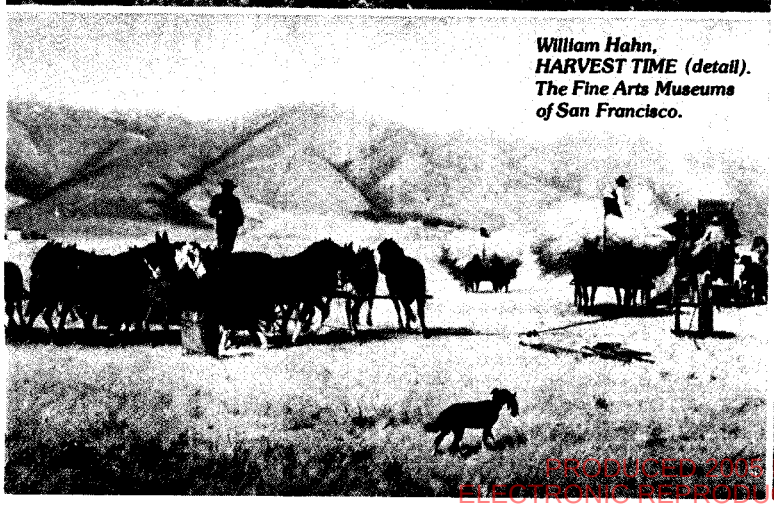


Albert Bierstadt, VIEW FROM THE WIND RIVER MOUNTAINS, WYOMING (detail). Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.





Albert Bierstadt, INDIANS NEAR FORT LARAMIE (detail). Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.



William Hahn, HARVEST TIME (detail). The Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco.

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a new frontier.

Sallie Cover,
HOMESTEAD OF ELLSWORTH L. BALL (detail).
Nebraska State Historical Society.

Henry Cheever Pratt,
VIEW IN THE CANYON OF THE COPPERMINE (detail).
Vose Galleries, Boston.

You're looking at pieces of dreams—and bits of reality—that are embedded deep in every American's consciousness. They're from an art exhibition titled "Frontier America: The Far West." Each tells us its own special story of our first great encounter with our own diversity—of red, white and black, of sodbuster and rancher, traders and trappers, mountaineers and homesteaders—and of the new ways we had to invent to live with each other and with the new land.

Much of what they started remains undone. Within our modern technologies, and our modern diversity, the need for better ways to solve our problems is endless and unchanging. The opening of new frontiers, social as well as physical, is still the urgent business of the country, and of each of us.

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André Previn Comes Home

by Henry Pleasants

When André Previn inaugurates a new series of eight television broadcasts with the Pittsburgh Symphony over the PBS network on February 27, it will be just short of a decade since the announcement of his appointment as musical director of the Houston Symphony Orchestra documented the completion of an arduous and often hazardous transition from boy wonder of film music and facile jazz pianist to full-fledged *maestro*. The Houston post soon led to Previn's association with the London Symphony Orchestra (LSO), as its principal conductor, and to his emergence in Britain as a popular TV personality. Previn introduced a new and entertaining format for the presentation of classical music on the television screen, and it is this format (of which more later) that PBS will be introducing to American viewers and listeners.

That Previn, as of last September, now combines his continued leadership of the LSO with his new responsibilities as musical director in Pittsburgh will come as no surprise to those familiar with the details of his career thus far. What this forty-seven-year-old conductor has undertaken and accomplished in the past decade would have shattered the health of most men and has sometimes shaken even his. Quite aside from his concerts with the LSO in London and on tours of America, the Soviet Union, the Far East, and Europe, plus forty-odd LPs and another forty-odd television specials, he has during this same period written two musicals (*Coco*, in New York, and a setting of J. B. Priestley's *The Good Companions*, in London); acted for three years as artistic director of London's South Bank Summer Music (the equivalent of Lincoln Center's "Mostly Mozart" season); composed concertos for cello and guitar; done a film score; and, most importantly, established himself as a TV musical personality second only to Leonard Bernstein—and more amusing than Lennie.

As a confirmed Previn watcher from the time of his arrival in London in 1967—my notice of his debut with the LSO came soon after my own debut as London music critic of the *International Herald Tribune*—I was glad of the opportunity, a few weeks ago, to indulge in some moments of retrospection with him following a rehearsal. How much of a problem, I asked, had the Hollywood-jazz image and notoriety been for him with the LSO? Rather to my surprise, he replied:

"Not much. The British are, to begin with, more open-minded than Americans about writing—and conducting—for films. One reason, I suppose, is that so

Henry Pleasants is the author of Serious Music & All That Jazz *and* The Great American Popular Singers.

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many of their own 'serious' composers and conductors have done it: Sir William Walton, Richard Rodney Bennett, Sir Arthur Bliss, Peter Maxwell Davies, Wilfred Josephs, Malcolm Arnold, Sir Arnold Bax, and so on.

"I had been, of course, more prominently and more exclusively concerned with films and Hollywood than they and had nothing to compare with their contributions to the concert hall and the opera house. But it's a funny thing about Oscars. [Previn has four, from 14 nominations.] Once you get away from Hollywood and the industry—where they mean a lot, including a lot more money—who knows which composer got an Oscar for which film? As for jazz, well, in England, as elsewhere abroad, jazz is highbrow."

Had the glamour of being a Hollywood composer and jazz pianist, I asked him—and the publicity surrounding his marriage to actress Mia Farrow (antedating by several months the birth of their twin sons, Matthew and Sascha)—contributed substantially to his drawing power with the LSO?

"I don't think so," he said. "If that had been all there was to it, it would have worn off in a month, and that would have been the end of it unless I had been able to deliver the goods as a conductor. Fortunately, I could, thanks to all I had learned, particularly in terms of rehearsal technique, conducting those excellent studio orchestras in Hollywood in music that was often bad and was almost always new to the players. Later, I learned the symphonic repertoire conducting every kind of orchestra in every kind of hall in the American hinterland."

It could have worked out differently, more easily and not so well, once it became known in the late Fifties that André Previn was leaving Hollywood for a new career as a conductor. He was immediately in demand, but there was a hook. Because of his reputation as arranger and conductor of some of Hollywood's most successful musicals—and as a jazz pianist—he was wanted for popular concerts featuring the works of George Gershwin, Cole Porter, Richard Rodgers, and so on. That was not what he was leaving Hollywood for, nor would he have had to turn his back on Hollywood to do it.

"I made up my mind right then and there," he recalled, "that I was going to make it as a symphony conductor, and only as a symphony conductor, or to hell with it. The big orchestras didn't want me for that, and since there are no provincial opera houses in America where a conductor can serve an apprenticeship as in Europe, I had to build technique and repertoire with American provincial orchestras, often for very little money.

André Previn on podium (opposite page) and on camera—"Engagingly informal even on formal occasions."

"It was a marvelous experience. Let me give you an example. Once I had a chance to conduct Strauss's *Ein Heldenleben* with the Philadelphia Orchestra. It was, I thought, *the definitive performance* of that enormous work, and I was highly pleased with myself. But then, when I conducted it with other and lesser orchestras, I suddenly realized that the Philadelphia performance had not really been *me*. It was *them*. When you get a good performance from an inferior orchestra, especially when the orchestra is playing a piece for the first time, then you can take some credit for it—and you will have learned something. By the time Houston and the LSO came up, I felt ready for the big leagues."

Previn's professional competence, thus acquired, has never been questioned. If there have been, nevertheless, and probably inevitably, rumblings and grumblings from minorities both inside and outside the LSO, they have had to do not so much with music as with manner. Nor can I, looking back to his first years in London, quite agree that the Hollywood-jazz background was so easily or so commonly accepted as he now recalls.

A TENDENCY to favor the twentieth century (but not its contemporary avant-garde) over the nineteenth in choice of repertoire has been noted but largely discounted against the box-office, recording, TV, and critical successes he has enjoyed with such personal preferences as Rachmaninoff, Stravinsky, Prokofiev, Shostakovich, Vaughan Williams, Walton, Copland, Orff, et al. Even his daring inclusion of the Dizzy Gillespie

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Quintet and Oscar Peterson (with whom he jammed on two pianos) in the South Bank Summer Music was accepted with more delight than horror or indignation. But his appearance, demeanor, and mode of address have raised temperatures as well as eyebrows.

Although he wears his hair in a trendy pageboy bob, he is, as a personality, light-years from the typical long-haired *maestro*. He is easygoing, witty, quick, and to-the-point in repartee, casually and modishly dressed, "one of the boys" at rehearsal and on tour, engagingly informal even on formal occasions, and much given to verbal utterance in a far from conventionally conductorial vernacular. These are all characteristics he shares more or less with Leonard Bernstein; but Previn, curiously, although born in Berlin (he came to America via Paris in 1939, when he was ten), is the less European of the two, both in his manner and, in my opinion, in his approach to the mid-European, mid-nineteenth-century repertoire.

This is probably explained by the difference in their American backgrounds. Lennie's American upbringing was Boston and Harvard, Philadelphia and the Curtis Institute of Music. André's was Los Angeles and Hollywood, film music and jazz clubs. He may become more European, oddly, in Pittsburgh. One of the attractions of that orchestra, he told me, is that he finds it, thanks to the tutelage of Reiner and Steinberg, "the most European of American orchestras," in contrast to the LSO, which he finds the most American of London's orchestras.

It was Previn's easy manner, his gift for concise, trenchant, humorous, understated discourse, and his happy reconciliation of seriousness of purpose with a wry sense of fun and a predilection for the incongruous and the absurd that attracted BBC-TV producer and composer Herbert Chappell and led to the series of *Omnibus* specials that established Previn as a predestined TV personality.

That was in 1968. Their first program, with musical examples provided (as always thereafter) by the LSO, was called "American Music—And All That Jazz." As a documentary—or lecture-recital—on contemporary American classical music, it was fairly straightforward. So was the second, devoted to Ralph Vaughan Williams. But its title—"Nine Symphonies By Whom?"—gave a hint of the tongue-in-cheek approach that was to characterize subsequent programs, as Chappell felt his way toward shaping the format to fit André's personality and innate showmanship.

A subsequent program on film music rejoiced in the subtitle "Do You Want It Thursday, Or Do You Want It Good?" and gave Previn an opportunity to tell how he lost his job as a movie-house pianist in Los Angeles by inadvertently continuing "Tiger Rag" into a scene of the Crucifixion during a screening of D. W. Griffith's *Intolerance*. For me, however, the program that most deliciously brought out all the best in the Chappell-Previn collaboration was one called "Fidelio Finke, Where Are You Now?"

Fidelio Finke, in case you didn't know—and not even *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians* will tell you—was a Sudeten-German composer born in 1891. The point of the program was the vast amount of music composed by a vast number of composers, much of it popular in its time, now resounding, if at all, in transcriptions for concert band or else languishing in limbo. It was inspired by a chance perusal, either by Previn or Chappell or both, of the reverse cover of a Breitkopf & Härtel score calling attention to a long list of that publishing house's other composers, among them Fidelio Finke.

We were not vouchsafed an example of Finke's genius, if any. Previn was obviously drawn by the name (his own name was spelled Prewin in Berlin, and he shudders to think what it would have been like to go through life in America being addressed as André Prune), and it was doubtless this wry fascination with nomenclature that led to the inclusion of music by Adolphe Charles Adam, Joseph Joachim Raff, Johann Nepomuk Hummel, Xaver Scharwenka, and the late Erich Wolfgang Korngold (the "Romance" from his Violin Concerto gave André an opportunity to recall that when the concerto was first played in New York a critic* called it "more Korn than Gold").

Among early programs on the PBS series will be one called "Why A Rehearsal?" and another devoted to the songs of Stephen Sondheim, suggesting a continuation of this happy and wide-ranging union of the lighthearted and the serious. As one who has at once enjoyed and admired the BBC-TV *Omnibus* series, I would not be surprised, now that the format, if not the name, is coming to America, to see André Previn become the Julia Child of music on the tube. ◉

"Remember, Jenkins, that 28.439 grams of prevention are worth .453 kilograms of cure."

*It was *SR*'s own Irving Kolodin (Ed.).

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Dance

"Nik": Movement, Shape, Sound, and Color

by Walter Terry

"No, boy, the other foot," said the voice behind him. Alwin Nikolais was taking his first dance class and, along with other students, was moving in a diagonal line across the studio floor. The teacher was Jack Cole, but the admonishing voice from the rear was female. He turned to look. It was that great lady of American dance, Ruth St. Denis, herself taking class with her own former pupil, Cole, already on his way to international fame. More than 40 years have passed since "Nik," as he is known to the world of dance, got his feet mixed up. Today he is director, choreographer, composer, and designer of the Nikolais Dance Theater, now entering its twenty-fifth year as a major force not only in America but also in world dance.

The Nikolais Dance Theater, currently playing (from February 8 to March 6) a joint Broadway engagement with the Murray Louis Dance Company at that great old movie palace the Beacon Theater (2,800 seats), is the most impeccably disciplined, in my opinion, of the avant-garde troupes, and Louis, Nikolais's longtime protégé, is by far the most virtuosic of male modern dancers. No possibility of confusing placement of feet in either group. From small, impoverished beginnings as a unit of student dancers assembled to give programs for underprivileged children at the Henry Street Playhouse on New York City's Lower East Side, the Nikolais company has developed into a million-dollar-a-year enterprise (a budget it shares with the artistically independent but administratively related Louis dancers) that boasts touring commitments not only in the United States, but also in South America, Europe, the Middle and Far Easts, and North Africa.

When attending the Nikolais repertory at the Beacon, audiences are seeing not just dancing, for Nik has described his work as "an experience in movement, shape, sound, and color." In one of his new pieces, dedicated to the French sculptor-poet Jean Arp, there are weather balloons onstage—illuminated by projections—and the spoken poetry of Arp (in the original French and German). In another work a tower (like Babel) is constructed before your eyes, with dancers crawling up a huge Erector set. And the dancers take a different kind of journey in *Styx*.

In Southington, Connecticut, where Alwin Nikolais was born of a Russian-immigrant father and a Polish-German mother, in 1912, the climate for a dance career was chilly indeed. In fact, Nik knew nothing of the dance art and found instead in music, a more acceptable study, an outlet for his artistic persuasions. He excelled at piano and soon added the organ to his accomplishments. At fifteen, he took off for Westport, Connecticut, and, lying about his age, was engaged by the Fine Arts Theater to play mood music on the organ—airs and rhythms suitable for everything from Polynesian beach scenes to avalanches, from love in the moonlight to Indian battles—for silent movies. But this was not enough for a restless youth, and he headed home, this time to defy bluenoses in a small town by playing accompaniments for Gloria Stanley's dance classes.

It was Miss Stanley who took him to New York to see a Jack Cole class and, in the process, to learn how a big-city pianist would accompany dance classes, and it was on this occasion that he inadvertently had his first dance lesson, with St. Denis advising. It was she who urged him to attend a performance by the great avant-garde German dancer Mary Wigman, then on a U.S. tour, in order to listen to her percussion accompaniments. The experience led him to study with a Wigman pupil, Truda Kaschmann, who had opened a studio in Hartford. In short order, Miss Kaschmann had Nik moving as well as listening. Exposure to a form of entertainment that stressed shapes, colors, and manipulations came when he landed a job as director of the Hartford Parks Marionette Theater, a salaried position

Alwin Nikolais's The Tribe—*"A totally new look."*

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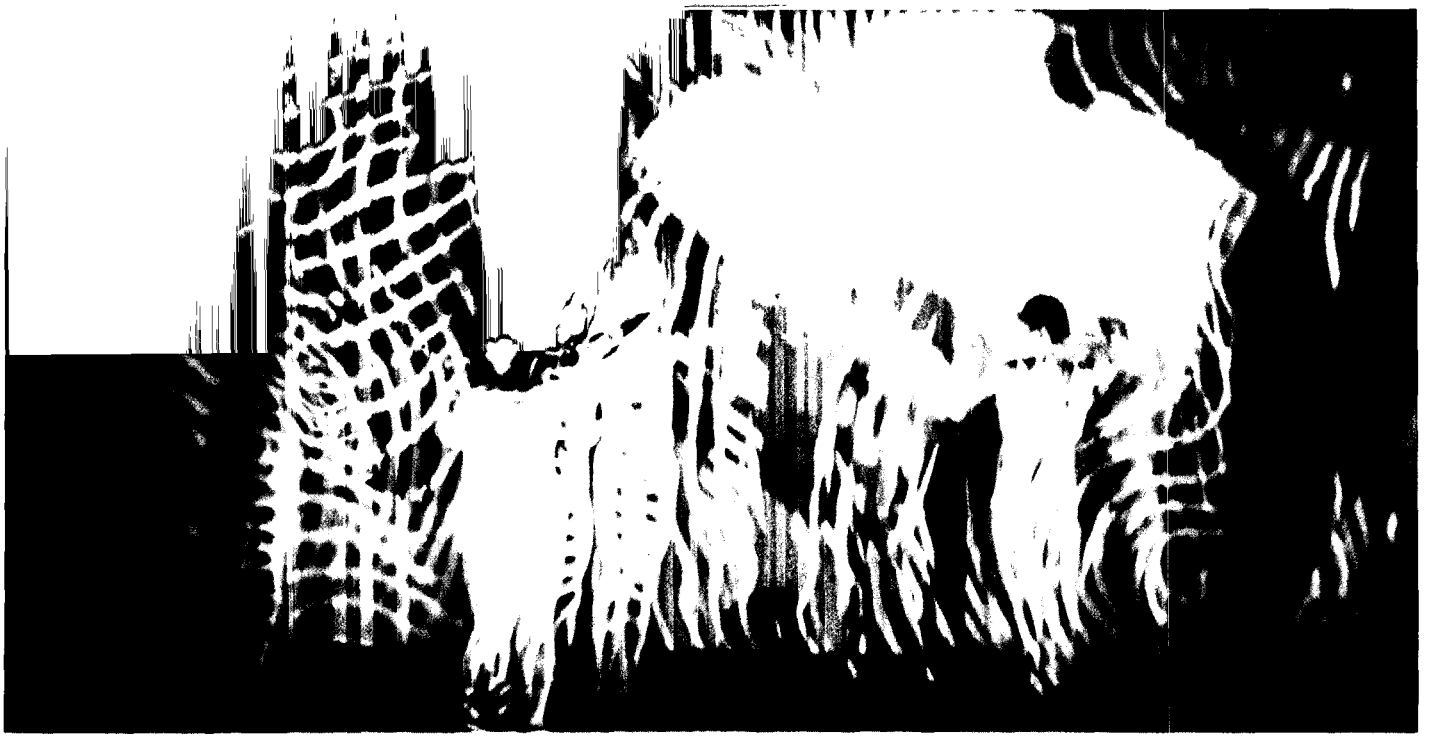

Scene from Cross-Fade—*"Vivid and shifting colors, swiftly flashing lights."*

funded by the federal government's Works Progress Administration.

In 1937, when he was twenty-five, Nik formally became a dancer. Miss Kaschmann took him with her to the nationally famous Bennington College School of the Dance and its associated Bennington Dance Festival, where he was plunged into the very core of America's struggling modern dance, headed by Martha Graham, Doris Humphrey, Charles Weidman, and, from Wigman's Germany, Hanya Holm. He made his debut in a workshop piece choreographed by a promising fellow student, José Limón. And he went on to become a pupil of and an assistant to Miss Holm, whom he still considers "the greatest of teachers."

In 1948, he was appointed co-director, with Betty Young (still his associate), of the Henry Street Playhouse. Classes grew, a dance group slowly evolved, choreographic experiments began to attract attention, and, in 1953, Nik created his first major piece, *Masks, Props, and Mobiles*, which launched a new career for him and gave America's modern dance a totally new look. Because his dancers were usually covered in strange and wonderful materials, their faces and even the contours of their bodies obscured, it was thought that Nik was dedicated to dehumanization. Not so, he says. "I found myself uninterested in the Freudian aspects of modern dance—even choreographed sexuality seemed dull—and I discovered that abstractions would allow me to move freely without getting hung up on psychodramatic themes."

Nikolais withdrew from the Freudian motivations that had intrigued choreographers of the 1930s and 1940s and sought for what he now describes as "pre-psychical energy, an instinctual energy which precedes what we know as the psyche. It is true that at first I seemed to hide human shapes under other shapes, but what I was looking for was a new balance of sexuality rather than de-sexing. I never avoided the male and the female, but I wanted to use them as part of the human cauldron." Was it unisex before its time? "Perhaps," says Nik, "but I would have used both male and female nudes in the early 1950s if I had dared; now I can use body stockings and, with projections, change dress, form, color, on moving bodies in an instant."

EARLY Nikolais audiences used to say that Nik's productions, with vivid and shifting colors, swiftly flashing lights, and electronic music, which he also composed, made them think that he was an adventurer into outer space. "Hell," says Nik, "we're in outer space ourselves, and if you want, you can think of my *Imago* as if the viewer were on a distant planet looking down upon man.

"But I'm really very much of this world. I remember that an interviewer in Buenos Aires commented that my colors were unreal. It was sunset and we were near a great hill and the ocean. I think I snapped at him, 'Look out that goddamn window and what do you see?' He also suggested that the movements I used were not natural. I asked him if he liked ballet. He did. And I asked him if he thought that the toe shoe, made of metal, glue, leather, paddings, was natural. He didn't seem to understand that what I do is make my theater environmental and ecological and, with respect to space, I decentralize rather than centralize."

Decentralization is not only a key to Nikolais's art but also to his place in world dance. From a handful of performances at Henry Street, his company now performs throughout the world. "Two thirds of my income is foreign-based," he reports, "and although we do receive grants from the National Endowment for the Arts, I couldn't afford to keep my company engaged on a year-round basis without foreign bookings. We bring in foreign currency, we keep our dancers off unemployment. So we're a real plus!"

Audiences attending the 32 performances at the Beacon will be seeing the Nikolais Dance Theater in three different programs composed of eight works, two of them world premieres, and the Murray Louis Dance Company in four different programs featuring three world premieres and one New York premiere. (There will be only two joint performances, February 17 and 22.) Although Louis is Nikolais's onetime pupil, disciple, and continuing associate, there is a distinct difference between the two, a difference suggested by the names of their companies. "Murray treats my theories from a kinetic point of view," says Nik. "He has discovered a new area of motion-inventions unbugged by literal meanings. Murray is dance. I am theater. We are both explorers." ◉

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Music to My Ears

The "Trendencies" of Toru Takemitsu

by Irving Kolodin

EDGING ever closer to the top in the list of contemporary composers whose names are best known to the American musical public is that of Toru Takemitsu. A Japanese musician born in Tokyo in 1930, Takemitsu owes his introduction to this continent to Seiji Ozawa. That was two orchestras ago in Ozawa's career, when he was music director of the Toronto Symphony.

But Toru Takemitsu owes wholly to Toru Takemitsu the creation of a literature that has brought him, in recent weeks, to the attention of three different New York audiences. The first work was *Winter*, performed by the Philadelphia Orchestra for its subscription audience in Carnegie Hall; the second was *Folios*, introduced by guitarist Michael Lorimer, who had commissioned it, at a recital in Alice Tully Hall; and the third, of greater size and substance than the others, was an extended work called *Arc*, given its American premiere by Pierre Boulez and the New York Philharmonic Orchestra in Avery Fisher Hall, with Peter Serkin as assisting pianist.

Arc is a two-part work of several independent but interrelated sections that came into being in the mid-1960s. Part of it was created in conjunction with the Tokyo Olympics in 1964, meaning that it has taken the better part of fifteen years to reach this country. However, the score's requirements make this delay self-explanatory. They include a first-rate pianist willing to take the self-effacing role of a chamber-music player in the ensemble, which are words precisely descriptive of Peter Serkin; a mélange of percussive instruments, with specialists on such uncommon ones as antique cymbals, several kinds of xylophones, and the cimbalom; and most particularly, a conductor with the aptitudes and inclinations to immerse himself in the complicated score as Boulez did.

The total effect of the work was somewhat jeopardized even before it began by Takemitsu's specification for one kind of orchestral seating for Part I and a considerably revised one for Part II. This posed the necessity for the players either to engage in an elaborate game of musical chairs in the shuffle of stands and parts after Part I, or else to withdraw while the work was done by the stage crew. The second option prevailed, and the intermission was moved up to absorb the ten-minute wait.

Considering all the circumstances, it would have been in Takemitsu's interest to have the conventional arrangement, which prevails in Part II, also serve for Part I. This would have sacrificed some dispersion of sound, the placement of wind soloists at the front of the stage, the luxury of a harp at audience left and a celesta to audience right. But it would have eliminated that awkward interlude not only of silence but of audience conversation. As between dispersion of sound and concentration of thought, I would much prefer concentration of thought.

FOR *Arc* is a continuous thought process in which an interrelated flow of color, vibratory matter, and, above all, time are equal components of its magnetism. To judge from the Japanese annotation offered in an English translation by Kent Stoltzman, the poetic purpose embodied in *Arc* (a term derived from the language of aleatory, or "chance," practices, which it utilizes) is cyclical, embodying birth, growth, and decline. Takemitsu extends this concept from growing things, even from life itself, to sound, which by any physical measurement arises, vibrates, and vanishes.

The work also embodies a variety of recent tendencies in Western music, such as the brevity of Webern, the concern of Messiaen with color, the interest of Stockhausen in random "chance" as a component of novelty. With some others, they have become a trend. With Takemitsu they can be characterized as "trendencies," blended and coalesced by the conditions of his own background to serve him differently than they do others.

Takemitsu's *Arc* makes a merit of brevity, in the true tradition of a people who have made a national symbol of miniaturization. But it adds an element that so cultivated a musical mind as Webern's could hardly embrace. That element is not a conscious rejection of duration, but a simple Oriental disregard for it. The impressions arise and disappear, but never quite leave the mind. Paradoxically, fragments of Part I remained in my mind until Part II began, perhaps because between them I indulged only in silence, not in conversation.

Also advantageous to Takemitsu in his quest for poetic truth is a congenital isolation from tonality, or even from what, in the case of Alban Berg, Igor Stravinsky described as a "nostalgia" for tonality. The absence in *Arc* of a tonal center, rather than the rejection or denial of it practiced by many contemporary composers, replaces negation with affirmation by recourse to values closer to his own conditioning. These derive very strongly

Toru Takemitsu—"Coloristic resources that bridge the intercontinental gap."

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from textures that are constantly flexible, blending and changing, ebbing and flowing like ocean tides (to which some reference is made by Stoltzman in his annotation). Delicacy is far more characteristic of his network of sound than is density: at the end, *Arc* dissolves in a coda for strings alone, for which the poetic inscription "shall begin from the end" is wholly appropriate. As Japanese painters view brush, paint, and a surface to work on in another way than Westerners do, but communicate with us nevertheless, so Takemitsu uses the coloristic resources of a Western orchestra in a way of his own, but with concepts of artistry, design, and fulfillment that bridge the intercontinental gap. We commend Takemitsu for his trendencies and look forward to their future development.

The gap-filling functions were artistically accounted for by Serkin, by the excelling artistry of the Philharmonic's solo string and woodwind players, and above all by Boulez. In a true sense, what he had to work with was engineered to produce a luminous whole, with a perfection of detail few others could match.

The program of which *Arc* was a part began with Haydn's Symphony No. 104 in D (known as the "London"), performed with finesse and discretion, and with a little more sobriety than befits its rollicking finale. It was a better prelude to what followed than the annihilating impact of Beethoven's Symphony No. 5 in C minor was to what preceded (in both cases, Takemitsu's *Arc*). One would have to assume that the two familiar pieces, however inappropriate, were programmed to permit maximum rehearsal time for the work of Takemitsu, who was present to hear, to react, and to bow. ◉

Fraser Young
Literary Crypt No. 77

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. *Answer on page 62.*

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Q K E Z K I K D Y Z Y I M

F O M X E Y A M O I G .

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The Movies

Fellini Without Feeling

by Judith Crist

It is carnival in Venice in 1758 as only Hieronymus Bosch and Federico Fellini could conceive it in its glitter and grotesquerie of fireworks and costumed merrymakers: Casanova summoned to an island rendezvous by "a nun who has seen you in the chapel every Sunday for the past two months"; the nun's surrender on condition that they perform for a hidden voyeur, her lover, the French ambassador; a spectacular gymnastic, semi-balletic coupling that climaxes in catatonic exhaustion; and Casanova, his services rendered, hustled out into the stormy night while ingratiatingly but vainly attempting to assure the unseen observer that he has other "talents" that might "find favor with your king of France."

Thus, in the opening scene of *Fellini's Casanova*, does the filmmaker present a précis of things to come in the $9 million extravaganza that was three years in the making. In what could well be subtitled "A Satyr's Progress," Fellini and his longtime screenplay collaborator Bernardino Zapponi have "drawn freely" from the autobiographical writings of Giacomo Girolamo Casanova de Seingalt (from his 1788 *Histoire de ma fuite des prisons de Venise* and his *Mémoires*, published in 1798, after his death at seventy-three). And what emerges in that most brilliant camera-eye of the Italian filmmaker is a glowingly detailed caricature of the eighteenth-century society through which history's most notorious amorist traveled, his primary vehicle his sexual reputation. It is a stunning studio creation, a fascination for the eye, a bemusement for the intellect, and a void for the heart.

Even more dazzling in its spectacle than the 1970 *Fellini Satyricon*—and as cold in its attitude—this work seems a total antithesis to the director's last film, the 1974 *Amarcord*, a work so personal, so overflowing with the heart's blood and vital juices of its creator that an exercise in self-divorcement would seem a logical sequence. But self-divorcement is, of course, an impossibility for a creative artist of Fellini's caliber, and it is clear from the start that Casanova is not quite his beau ideal. On the contrary: "Casanova is everything I despise," Fellini has said. "He is a lover with cold sperm, an old man who has never grown up. He is all shop front and a braggart fascist. . . ."

And so he is as he recalls his amorous adventures in Venice, Württemberg, Dresden, Paris, London, Parma, Constantinople, Vienna, and Switzerland. A Hogarth drawing with high-arched nose and elongated chin brought to life by Donald Sutherland, Casanova trades table talk with "aristocrats," beds highborn and lowborn grotesques, tricks doting dowagers, performs his sexual athletics as ardently in public as in private, and makes no contact with humanity beyond the physiological connection. He emerges the petty schemer, the pretentious intellectual justifying himself with futile "projects," the fool scorned by the few humans he encounters. Even an accidental reunion with his aged mother is abortive, the crone complaining of her son's "impractical ideas" and his failure to write or visit, the son explaining that he lacked an address, but failing to ask for one before they part. He is left to his dotage as librarian to the Countess of Waldstein, reduced to being the butt of jokes from the servants with whom he is relegated to dining, complaining about his food, and dreaming of Venice and amours with the life-size mechanical doll with which he had, perhaps, his most satisfying affair.

Casanova, in retrospect, is almost a detail in the lush canvas that Fellini fills with his familiars in eye-boggling settings created by Danilo Donati, artist also of *Satyricon*. More than the characters, one recalls the splendors of the huge candelabra being fanned to darkness by lackeys in a Dresden theater; the castle walls at Württemberg covered with pipe organs and their players; a wild and drunken wine race at the British embassy in Rome; a bevy of seamstresses in bawdy song as they stitch a voluminous gown; a company of actors in the full heat of an orgy at an

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inn, fading into the coolth of an elegant stage performance of *Orpheus and Eurydice*; the seething black Venetian waterways that Fellini sees as a "bladder" entrapping his protagonist; the trompe l'oeil decor of a rococo dining room; the impaling of squirming specimens in a Swiss entomologist's laboratory—a preliminary to an acupuncture healing of Casanova. And of course there is the Fellini hallmark in an encounter in mist-shrouded England with a circus troupe that boasts the strongest woman in the world, a giantess who plays with dolls and dwarfs and proves as elusive as all the "real" women in Casanova's life.

And then the characters emerge: Clarissa Mary Roll's angel-like seamstress; Cicely Browne's Madame D'Urfe, dilet-

Donald Sutherland as Casanova—"A Hogarth drawing brought to life."

tante of the occult; Dudley Sutton's near comatose Duke of Württemberg; Tina Aumont's Henriette, Casanova's claimed "real" love; Olympia Carlisi's Isabella, the entomologist's daughter, who sees the death wish in Casanova's loving; and perhaps above all, Adele Angela Lojodice's Doll Woman, a masterwork of mechanical femininity. Donati's costuming is as exquisite as his sets, the vision underlined by a particularly rich Nino Rota score.

Removed though he may be from his protagonist, even in an "exercise" Fellini proves himself the genius of the cinematic vision, his fantasy so deeply textured that it counteracts the director's alienation. The *auteur*'s affection may not be with his Casanova, but his wit and wisdom are at work to enthrall his audience. The work is long—166 minutes—but never self-indulgent, with the confident hand of a master artist in control. It's better when his heart is with his hero—but we'll settle for his intellectual engagement this time around.

Fun with Dick and Jane is a funny and promising movie that unfortunately reneges on its promise halfway. Written by David Giler, Jerry Belsen, and Mordecai Richler, this Peter Bart–Max Palevsky production promises to be the first film to deal with downward mobility in America via the plight of the mortgaged middle class en route to becoming the nouveau poor. The idea, dreamed up by Ted Kotcheff, the film's director, is a dandy, but it is not, alas, the stuff of box-office appeal, and so there's a switch midway to the trite and true path of Watergate-era morality (i.e., turn crook in a crooked system) and the Cinderella-story ending in the comedy tradition.

We're off to a sprightly start with George Segal and Jane Fonda as the all-American-reader Dick and Jane, ensconced with son and dog in an upper-middle suburb, with two cars (one the company's) to fill the two-car garage and a swimming pool under construction in the midst of lovely unpaid-for landscaping. Then George is fired in cutbacks at the aerospace company. First comes the living-as-usual and the keeping-up-appearances; then comes unemployment insurance and desperate job-hunting; then there's the try for food stamps—and then there's rock bottom, with relatives maintaining in puritanical fashion that poverty's good for the soul. Loan sharks are next—and a freak robbery points Dick and Jane in the direction of crime. And it is in that line that our hero and heroine wind up in clover, demonstrating "the ingenuity and imagination that has made American industry what it is today."

Kotcheff, whose outstanding credits range from *Life at the Top* through *Two Gentlemen Sharing* and *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz*, has a deft hand with a social probe; Segal is perhaps the most relaxed of "light" performers; and Fonda, as *Period of Adjustment*, *Cat Ballou*, and other vehicles have demonstrated, has a graceful sense of comedy. Among them they lend a sprightly humor to the plight of the children of affluence brought face-to-face with economic necessity. That the scriptwriters failed them midway with an abrupt switch from realistic social comedy to pure caper-plotting is regrettable. On the other hand, if you're not bothered by the notion that stealing is acceptable so long as you steal from the "right" people, you can enjoy it all.

Thieves, an urban comedy by Herb Gardner, seemed, during its 1974 Broadway run, to be ideal movie material. Now his tale of two young Manhattanites whose twelve-year marriage is disintegrating under the stress of city living and the strain of their own alienation is on film—and looks as if it would work better onstage. The carry-over asset is Marlo Thomas, a completely enchanting young woman, totally credible as the believer in "possibilities," amazed at how "boring" her upwardly mobile husband has become; the carry-over debit is Gardner's stage play that does not become a screenplay by virtue of the addition of street scenes. That the credited director, John Berry, an uninspired but professional filmmaker, left the production midway, with Gardner taking over, is obvious: "characters"—and with few exceptions they are just that rather than people—face up to the camera and deliver set speeches, interrupted only by change of scene.

The speeches are gem-spotted; Gardner is a warm and perceptive writer (as witness *A Thousand Clowns* and *The Goodbye People*) and his urban concepts are fey. But his various themes—nostalgia for the old neighborhood, the armed-jungle life of city streets, the movie-star angst that besets middle age, the awkwardness of one-night stands for thinking adults—are well worn, and only occasionally does he strike a fresh note.

The appeal generated by Thomas spills over on Charles Grodin as the husband wanting to move onward and upward and weary of his wife's cuteness. And there is an absolutely uncontrolled scenery-chewing series of shticks by Irwin Corey as her aged irascible-cabby father, as well as down-played and subtle bits by Ann Wedgeworth, John McMartin, and Hector Elizondo as high-rise neighbors. But a general air of déjà vu, starting with an introductory cantata of apartment-dweller talk taken straight from the orchestrated opening of *Divorce American Style*, hangs heavy over the relatively static work. A pity. Gardner is one of the few fine social humorists at work today—in need only of direction. ◉

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Recordings

New and Unusual

Instrumental

Albéniz: *Iberia*, complete (Seraphim). Aldo Ciccolini's pursuit of artistic identity has shown a sure sense of pianistic progression since his commanding presentation of the Erik Satie literature. Here he invades territory all but ceded, these days, to Alicia de Larrocha and shows there are things in a familiar landscape that may have another aspect for a tourist than they possess for a native. Ciccolini's touch is crisper, his manner more muscular than the great Spaniard's, and the results are productive of somewhat more dynamism.

Beethoven: Sonatas No. 23, in F minor, "Appassionata"; and No. 18, in E flat, Opus 31, No. 3 (Columbia). The arrangement gives priority to Lazar Berman's playing of the "Appassionata" on his first American recording, but the disc will live in pianistic history for the extraordinarily vivid, wholly original performance of the Opus 31, No. 3. Both are prime examples of phenomenal pianistic facility, but it is applied to the earlier work in a manner that transforms it from the pleasantly innocuous to the urgently dramatic. It will, incidentally, surprise Arthur Rubinstein, born in Lodz, Poland, to discover himself listed, in the annotation, among Berman's great "Russian" predecessors.

Brahms: Concerto in D, Opus 77 (Angel). Gidon Kremer, recent winner of a Tchaikovsky Competition in Moscow, may not be the "greatest violinist in the world," as Herbert von Karajan, who conducts this recording with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, proclaims him to be, but he is unquestionably a new, sizable apparition on the musical scene. Born in Riga and eventually an artist pupil of the late David Oistrakh, Kremer plays his Brahms with the breadth and solidity of a German and the rich sound of a Slav. In the slow movement, however, Karajan's dominant impulse tends to make the violin sound like another accessory on the level of the oboe soloist.

Grétry: *Danses Villageoises* (Seraphim). Recordings of music by the eighteenth-century André Ernest Modeste Grétry are apt to be scarce in any decade. When they do occur they are apt to cover much the same material (as does this one, with its additional *Céphale et Procris* ballet suite, overture to *Richard Coeur de Lion*, and others). However, it is all artfully performed by the Orchestre de Liège —where Grétry was born in 1741—under the direction of Paul Strauss, who knows how to invoke the composer's recondite charm.

Handel: Organ Concertos, Nos. 1 to 16 (Philips). Daniel Chorzempa may be the truly distinguished musician of the day least known to his fellow Americans, but that oversight does not appear to be a deterrent to a career now flourishing from a base in Cologne, Germany. A native of Minneapolis, Chorzempa has previously won recognition for his rare skills as an organist in music of Liszt and Bach. That regard is not merely renewed but enlarged by these five discs glorifying the Handelian kind of organ writing. The beautifully appropriate sounds emanate from the "Künckel" organ in the Old-Catholic Church in Haarlem, Holland. The surroundings are also kind to the chamber ensemble (called the Concerto Amsterdam), conducted by Jaap Schröder.

Strauss: *Ein Heldenleben* (RCA). Nearly 50 years have passed since the great Dutch conductor Willem Mengelberg (to whom the work is dedicated) recorded this classic version with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Modern (computerized?) technology has given the sound a glow, amplitude, and richness never heard before from its reproduction, and has restored Mengelberg's legendary affinity for Strauss to listeners unborn when he died in 1951. Similar restoration is a must for the Toscanini–New York Philharmonic recordings of the same era.

Opera

Wagner: *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg* (DG). Those who waited long (20 years) for Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau's first Hans Sachs may now chide him for rushing too soon into a recording of the great Wagnerian character under none too favorable conditions. Much of it was done soon after his first performance, in Berlin last March, with Eugen Jochum conducting, some of it subsequently, with three principals who did not participate in that premiere—Placido Domingo as Walther von Stolzing, Catarina Ligendza as Eva, and Christa Ludwig as Magdalene. Two such fine voices as Domingo's and Fischer-Dieskau's have seldom been heard in the long dialogue of the "workshop" scene in Act 3, and Domingo, in his first recorded venture in German, is a dream singer of the "Prize Song." However, Fischer-Dieskau constantly overstresses his delivery on behalf of a characterization with which he was not wholly at ease when this premature recording was made.

Vocal

Strauss and Wolf: Songs (RCA). Of Judith Blegen's vocal qualifications for this challenging repertory there can be little doubt. However, it takes more than vocal skill to match the requirements for Wolf's "*Schlafendes Jesuskind*," "*Verschwiegene Liebe*," and "*Waldmädchen*" (to name but three of ten by him in this collection), or to make a living experience of Strauss's "*Schlagende Herzen*" or "*Heimkehr*." The high-lying "*Amor*" is well sung. Martin Katz's accompaniments are just that—in literature where the piano has a much more creative purpose to serve.

Miscellaneous

Buck and Bud: "Way Down Yonder in New Orleans" and other standards (Flying Dutchman). Few jazz recordings of recent years have matched the input of youth with the output of age so compatibly as these smooth-flowing, endlessly inventive performances by that new master of the guitar, Bucky Pizzarelli, and that old master of the tenor sax, Bud Freeman. In several items the duettists are joined by Hank Jones on piano, Bob Haggart on bass, and Ronnie Traxler on drums. But the partnership is at its most productive when interacting on its own in Rodgers and Hart's "I Could Write a Book" or Cole Porter's "Easy to Love." An encore is in order.

Lionel Hampton: "The Complete Lionel Hampton" (RCA). Too many of the current reissues exploiting the contents of RCA's vaults are simply repackagings of prior presentations, perhaps slightly improved in sound; but that does not apply to this overdue attention to material made before Hampton had a band of his own. Some items are better than others, but every one of them is embellished by participation of such great sidemen as Johnny Hodges on alto, Jess Stacy on piano, Cootie Williams on trumpet, Buster Bailey on clarinet, Cozy Cole on drums, etc., in performances of high spirit and infectious mood.

Phil Woods: *Floresta Canto* (RCA). Lots of talent and an equivalent amount of good intentions have gone into this evocation of Brazilian *bossa nova* in which sax star Phil Woods has a prominent part. Sophisticates may find much to admire in the arrangements of Woods and Chris Gunning, as well as in the excellent background orchestra. Others will find the choice of tunes melodically unrewarding, the total treatment more ambitious than successful. —I.K.

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Photography

Vive Nadar

by Margaret R. Weiss

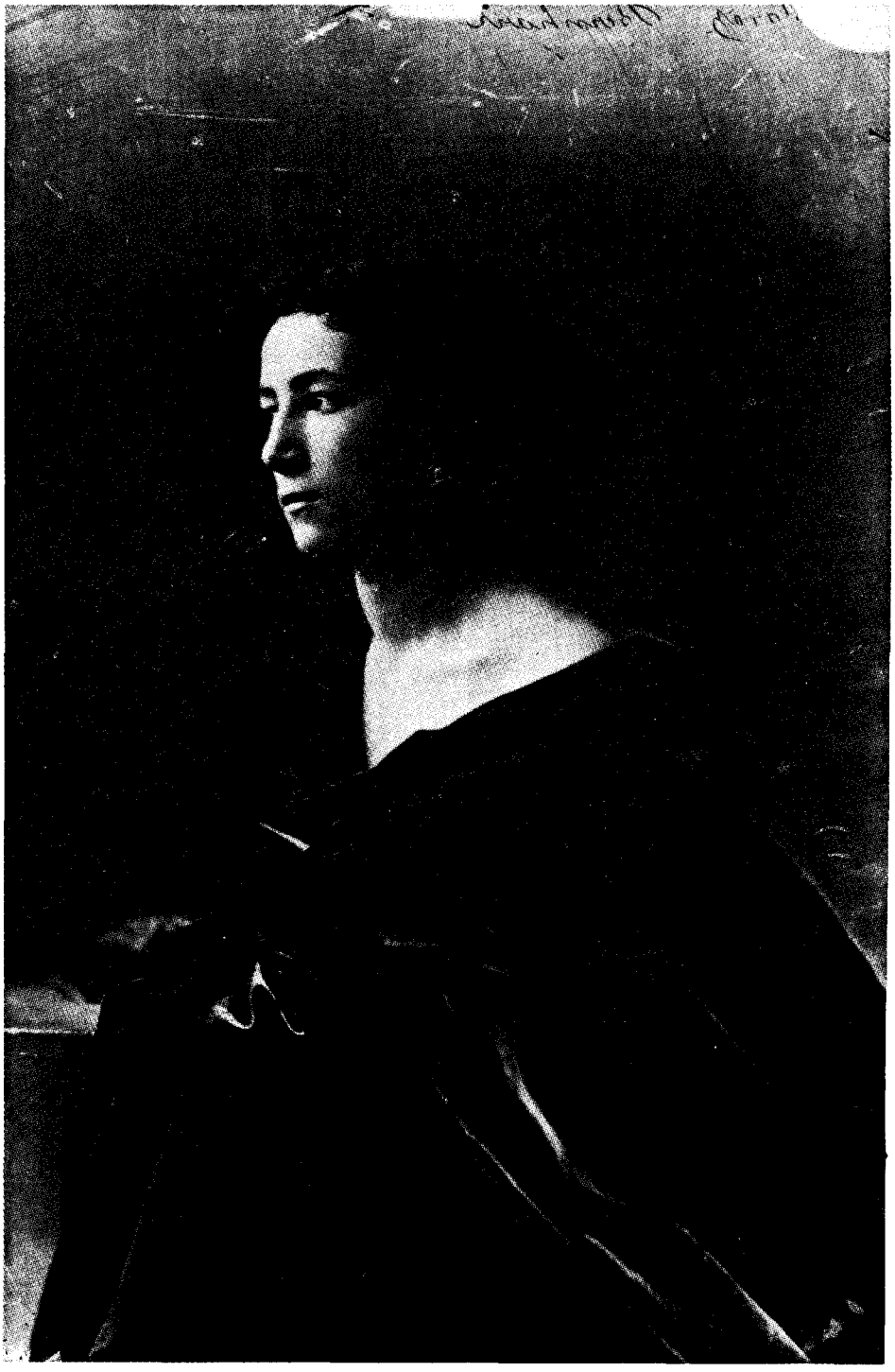
THERE is no better way to revisit the cultural scene of the Second Empire than to review Nadar's portraits of his celebrated contemporaries. And—short of a visit to the Bibliothèque Nationale and the Archives Photographiques of the Caisse Nationale des Monuments Historiques—there is no better place to find a sizable collection of those portraits than between the covers of Nigel Gosling's *Nadar* (Knopf, $25).

Gosling, former art critic of the *London Observer*, has compiled a dimensional photobiography that chronicles the interrelationships between the charismatic photographer and some of his most notable subjects. I know of no other published work in English that has portrayed the multifaceted Nadar as he should be—full-figure, life-size, in his living and working environment.

Born Gaspard-Félix Tournachon, son of a printer and shopkeeper, he found his way into Parisian literary and art circles through friendships begun in the cafés he frequented as a fledgling journalist. An agile pen, natural wit, abundant energy, and a flair for grandiose schemes made him an attractive addition to both Henri Murger's bohemian group and the more *raffiné* entourage of Baudelaire.

With a cooperative friend's 6,000 francs he launched an ambitious publishing project—deluxe literary albums featuring such authors as Dumas, Gautier, and Balzac, along with a number of active socialists. The failure of this venture and of a subsequent publication for children sent him back to writing sketches and articles for left-wing papers. Using the signature that was to become world-famous in photography, he turned his hand to cartooning and caricature—the media in which he first demonstrated his talent for sensing essential character beneath external appearance.

In 1848 Nadar gained brief notoriety by enlisting in the Polish Legion, a volunteer band of 500 émigrés anxious to free Poland from its "foreign oppressors." His



Sarah Bernhardt, ca. 1866

Photographs: from *Nadar*, by Nigel Gosling

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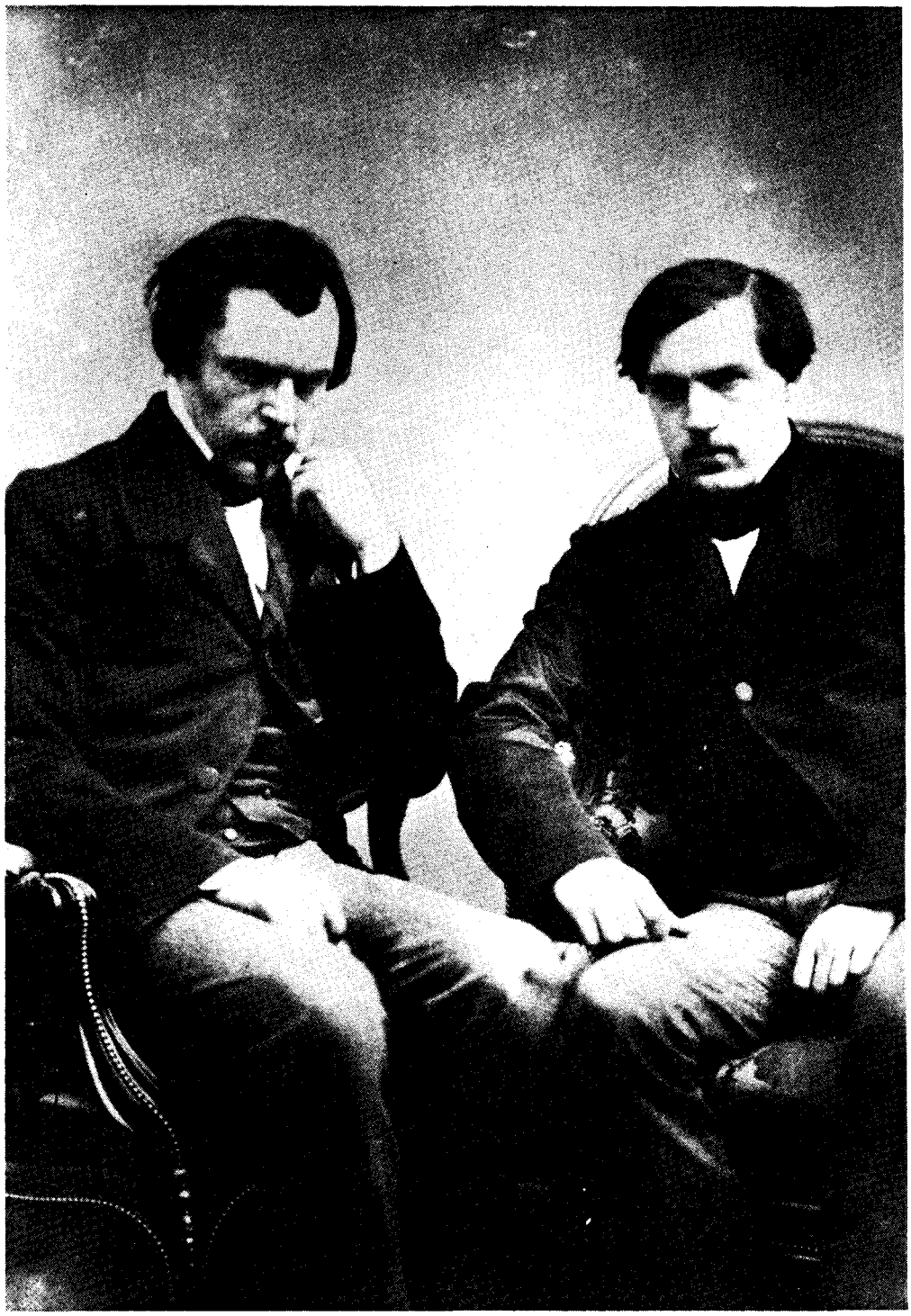
efforts were aborted by arrest and forced labor in Germany. Returning to Paris, he offered his services to the French Government as a secret agent. That was clearly not his métier, for in six weeks he was back creating cartoons for several periodicals. A trip to London widened his artistic horizons, but narrowed his finances to the point of bankruptcy and a term in the Clichy debtor's prison. But the following year he was again in London—this time to record the Great Exhibition of 1851 for a projected French edition of *The Illustrated London News*. While the plan never materialized, he was the richer for having met Constantin Guys, the noted illustrator with whom he maintained a lasting friendship.

The project that was to bring the caricaturist fame if not fortune was the "Panthéon-Nadar"—a visual compendium of 1,000 luminaries of literature, drama, art, and music. Since the law required prior written permission from anyone who was to be caricatured publicly, work progressed slowly for Nadar, his brother Adrien, and the other assistants he had hired. Finally, two years later, the first lithograph depicting about 300 literary figures appeared. It was the only one of the planned series of four to be completed, for printing and production costs had depleted the budget, and profits from sales were slim.

DURING this time Nadar—as David Octavius Hill before him—resorted to photographs as research for his drawings. This may have been what inspired him to urge his brother toward a career in photography and to pay for a studio in which Adrien could operate professionally. Nadar became a partner in the enterprise, set up a second studio of his own, and shuttled between the two. Always "le bon Nadar" to his friends, he was less amicable with his family. The partnership split up on unfriendly terms; legal action was brought against Adrien to protect the Nadar signature, which by 1860 would be installed in foot-high script across the red facade of 35 Boulevard des Capucines.

To that elegant atelier came many of those responsible for the period's rich cultural ferment—artists, authors, playwrights, composers, scientists, social activists, and even a few of the political elite. Nadar's pantheon of sitters represented aesthetic credos as opposed as those of Courbet and Delacroix and included personalities as diverse as Sarah Bernhardt and the Archbishop of Paris. Many of them came as friends, or as friends of friends, who not only sat for his camera but also dined at his table. (A studio assistant later recalled, "There was always open table at Nadar's. Alexandre [Dumas] would be rubbing shoulders with Offenbach, Sardou sitting next to Gustave Doré, and actors from the Comédie Française next to Rochefort.")

Inventive and experimental, he designed artificial-light setups that enabled him to make documentary shots in the eerie depths of the catacombs and sewers of Paris. His interest in ballooning—if only to demonstrate the balloon's inferiority to heavier-than-air craft—resulted in a series of "firsts." At a 262-foot altitude over suburban Val de Bièvre, Nadar succeeded in shooting the first aerial photograph in 1858. A decade later he exposed the boulevards of Paris from a balloon held captive at 1,700 feet. On each glass plate



Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, ca. 1858

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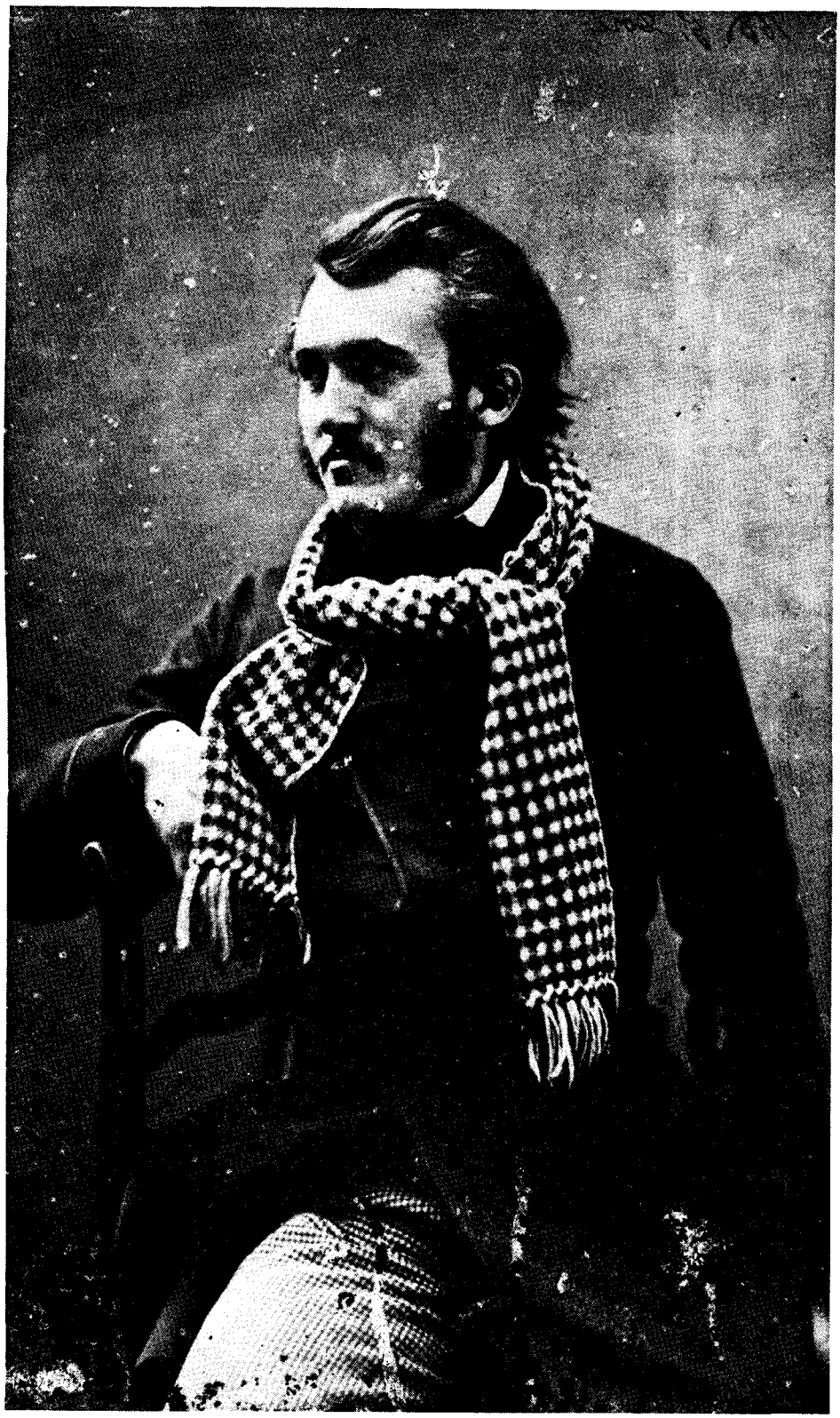
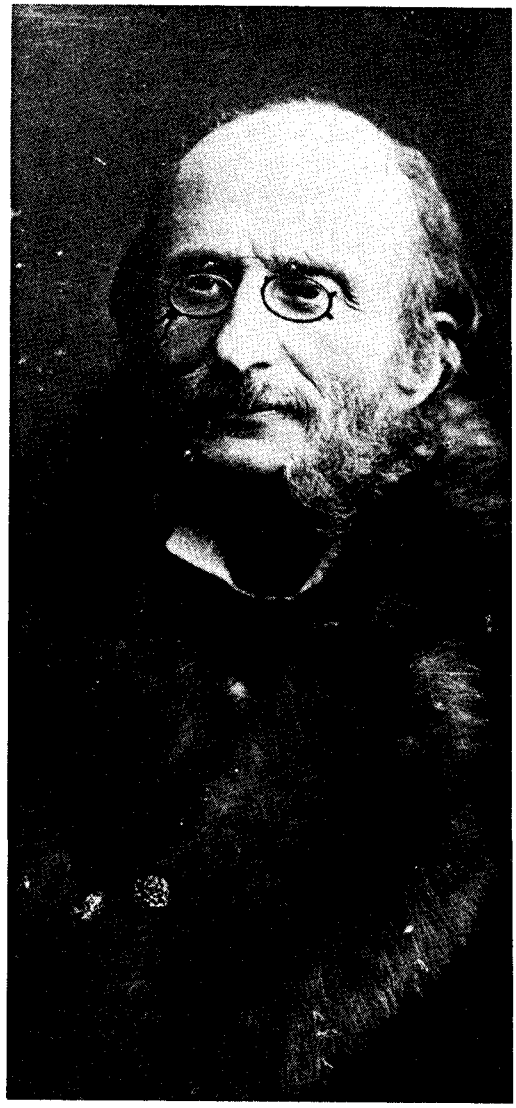


Gustave Doré, ca. 1855

his multi-lens camera produced eight images. A wood engraving of one of these appeared in *Le Petit Figaro* on July 31, 1868; it was the first *reproduction* of an aerial photograph.

George Sand, ca. 1864

Nadar, an ardent anti-imperialist, rejected a 50,000-franc fee Napoleon III had offered him if he would do photo-reconnaissance for the French Army in Italy. But during the siege of Paris in 1870, he organized a balloon corps to break the Prussian blockade of the city.



Jacques Offenbach, ca. 1875

His flights provided the only means of communication with the outside world, and the first airmail service was born.

After the war he set about rebuilding his battered finances through portraiture. Renting out the Boulevard des Capucines studio to tenants, he moved into less costly premises and soon had a flourishing atelier in partnership with his son. (One 1874 tenancy in the old quarters was to be historic: the First Impressionist Exhibition—165 paintings by Monet, Renoir, Degas, Cézanne, and others anxious to bypass the Salon establishment.)

The 350 excellent reproductions in Gosling's book encompass all periods of the photographer's work. One series of small pictures reminded me that Nadar deserves credit for still another "first." Published in 1886, his photo-interview with the chemist Chevreul should settle the case against latter-day claimants to the title of "father of photojournalism." ◉

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The Pulse of the Sea

A Monthly Letter from The Cousteau Society

What Song the Sirens Sing

by Jacques-Yves Cousteau

Look to the helm, good master; many a shoal marks this stern coast,
and rocks, where sits the Siren,
who, like ambition, lures men to their ruin. . . .

William Falconer
The Shipwreck

TODAY, unfortunately, the "good masters" set their ships on automatic pilot and rarely "look to the helm." On board the research ship *Calypso*, we lived literally weeks in anguish as we surveyed zones of intense maritime traffic. Anchored in the Strait of Messina or in the four-mile-wide channel of Kéa, for instance, we saw hundreds of huge freighters and tankers sail by—ignoring the international regulation lights and flags displayed high on our mast, endangering the lives of our deep-sea divers. They would alter a collision course only when we dispatched a speedboat in their direction and fired maroons or rounds of blank gun cartridges to wake up their negligent watchmen. Most of the delinquent and irresponsible monsters were flying the colors of Liberia or Panama—despite the fact that their owners have probably never set foot in either of these countries.

As the last few weeks of December faded into the new year, the U.S. shore was awash with shipwrecks. First, the broken *Argo Merchant* spewed oil into waters rich with sea life—the spawning ground of cod, haddock, lobster, scallop, and flounder. Then, just as cleanup attempts began, other supertanker catastrophes riddled the U.S. coastline in dizzy succession. A tanker ran aground off Puerto Rico; another exploded in Los Angeles Harbor. Oil from the punctured *Olympic Games* licked at the banks of the Delaware; the *Universe Leader* went aground while navigating the same river. The *Oswego Place* leaked oil off New London, Connecticut, and the *Grand Zenith* inexplicably disappeared off the eastern seaboard. Day after day, squawking radios and banner headlines kept a startled populace informed as the supertanker fatality rate continued to mount.

Ironically, the only thing new about tanker accidents is the attention they are now receiving. About 300 vessels are shipwrecked annually. On the average, more than 217,000 gallons of oil spill into the earth's water system every hour, every day, all year long. Some of this waste is accidental; most of it is outright purposeful. And almost all of it is irresponsible and avoidable.

Why is this happening? One of the reasons is the "flag of convenience." This arrangement, which was devised in 1944 by Edward R. Stettinius, then U.S. Secretary of State and a former president of U.S. Steel, is a system that makes transport of oil and steel much cheaper. It allows American shipowners to register their vessels with foreign countries, thereby evading strict American registration requirements—such as building ships in American shipyards (at twice the cost of building them elsewhere) and hiring American crews at union salaries (at three times the cost of an ill-trained multinational crew). American safety standards can be ignored. Each ship can be registered in a different corporation (Onassis registered his entire fleet this way, ship by ship), so that after an oil spill the corporation—along with any responsibility—can be dissolved (a tactic Onassis used when his ship *Arrow* caused $3 million in damages to the shores of Nova Scotia). Because ownership holdings are not recorded by many flag-of-convenience nations, the arrangement provides for very convenient tax shelters as well.

It would seem that such a setup would present a gamble to the oil companies, whose black gold is transported by these unregulated rattletraps. But the cost of incessant oil spills is made up for by the savings gained through chartering cheap ships and hiring ragbag crews.

Not all old and unfit ships fly a flag of convenience, however. Traditional maritime nations too often hesitate to make unilateral restrictions, fearing that they will thus make their fleets uncompetitive.

In combination, these factors have created a situation on the sea that is as ludicrous as it is lawless. International regulations are minimal to the point of anarchy. They require virtually nothing more in the way of equipment than a compass. Even if a ship has sophisticated equipment, chances are that no one aboard has the training to use it.

As for pollution regulations: leaks are presently detected by having a sailor lean over the side and yell if he sees an oil discharge. And on the high seas, no one need yell at all. Oil—about *1.3 billion gallons* a year—is deliberately flushed into the sea during normal operations.

The severity of this mindlessness is compounded by the fact that the international tanker fleet has been growing exponentially. Total tonnage quadrupled in the years between 1964 and 1974. The result of this haphazard building spree is that the oil-transport industry is burdened with a tremendous oversupply of ships. The time-tested system of supply and demand, however, is not sifting out the unsafe vessels. The accident rate is growing much faster than the construction rate.

There are ways to stem this oil-laden tide. But someone stands in the way every time a solution threatens to cut into profits. For example:

Tankers go empty on one leg of each voyage and must be weighted down with ballast water. Presently, many ships mix this water with the oily residue that clings to the sides of their empty cargo tanks. When the ballast is no longer needed, the mess is simply flushed into the sea. The operation sounds innocent enough; but the residue from a single 250,000-ton tanker can amount to as much as 1,250 gallons.

THIS problem could be eliminated if 15 to 20 percent of a ship's cargo capacity were reserved for clean water on the ballast leg of the trip.

Double bottoms would also prevent pollution. If a double-bottom tanker were

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Cracow's trumpet call to arms... never finished, yet never silenced in 700 years.

You stand in the Market Square of medieval Cracow, in the shadow of the Gothic Clothiers' Hall. Atop the 250-foot tower of St. Mary's Church, a lone man sounds his trumpet four times to the four corners of the city. Just so, in the year 1241, a trumpeter warning the city of the approaching Tartar invaders was interrupted—slain by an enemy arrow. You will hear the unfinished fanfare marking every hour in that hero's memory as long as you stay in Cracow. It has echoed across these ancient rooftops for more than 7 centuries.

To visit Poland is to make a trip through time. You can walk across her city streets and view a thousand years of European civilization in a couple of hours. Cracow has its 14th century Wawel Castle, its 600 year-old university, and a modern steel works. In Warsaw the 15th century walls divide the miraculously resurrected Old Town from a bustling capital, with its government buildings, shops, and exciting night life.

A night on the town might mean a classic opera or ballet, brilliantly performed, an imaginative avant garde play, or the latest award-winning film. A day in the countryside can bring you to a village folk festival, with costumes, songs and dances as old as Poland itself.

In Poland traditions such as the trumpet call of Cracow have a way of surviving. The Poles have a traditional flair for the arts—most of all the art of living. And so they are unequalled as hosts. You'll find new hotels burgeoning everywhere—totally modern in their comforts, completely "Old World" in their gracious hospitality.

You'll find the Poles friendly and outgoing, eager to meet you and proud to show you their country. From the Baltic Sea to the ski slopes of the High Tatra Mountains, Poland is a country of 121,000 square miles and 33,000,000 people. One of the few places in Europe where Old World culture and the countryside can be seen unspoiled. And where the tourist is still an honored guest.

LOT Polish Airlines and Pan Am will fly you to Poland any day of the week from New York. A variety of attractive tours and charters, offered by these carriers, is available. For information, see your travel agent or mail the coupon below.

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POLAND, a land of never-ending fascination

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grounded or hit the sea floor—as happened to 219 conventional tankers in the first nine months of 1976, with oil spillage totaling 31 million gallons—the oil would be contained by the inside lining. Pollution would also be lessened if no ship with only one engine or one propeller were allowed to sail; surely no single-engine commercial aircraft would be permitted to fly. Yet the industry lobby against all these construction improvements has thus far been effective.

It has been said that 85 to 90 percent of all tanker accidents are caused by human error. It has also been said that we cannot regulate human error out of existence. This is probably correct. But we *can* reduce human error to a fraction of what it is today.

Last summer, the National Academy of Sciences did a study in which crew members were questioned about tanker operations. These are some of the factors they found to be major causes of ship casualties: failure of deck and engine watch standers to observe "consistent professional operating standards"; poor physical fitness; excessive personnel turnover; and misuse of radar. More than half the crew members interviewed indicated that they had been involved in either an accident or a near accident in which the drunkenness of a crew member, officer, or pilot was a contributing factor. Some isolated replies to the academy's questionnaire:

"Many current officers cannot move with sufficient agility to climb ladders and adequately inspect hatches and hulls."

"One bad day it seemed as if everyone on the bridge had a snootful. Helmsman unable to steer. Mates on watch unable to obey orders."

The industry is concerned over the matter of human error; corporations are clamoring for tighter regulations. Nevertheless, the industry itself is partially responsible for "human error" accidents. According to the academy's report, calculated risk—defined as "knowing acceptance of risk in operational situations to meet personal or corporate priorities"—is a "significant" factor in merchant-marine casualties.

Despite the fact that we are spilling mammoth amounts of oil through such carelessness, our knowledge of the long-term effects of that oil is minuscule. Some have assumed that, because we know so little about oil pollution, the consequences themselves can't be very severe. Dixie Lee Ray, former chairman of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission and now governor of the state of Washington, has told reporters, for example, that she thinks the public has been "vastly misled." Ray has said, "The assumption that if a little oil gets in the water it's going to be a catastrophe is a wrong assumption."

Industry spokesmen, too, have suggested that oil pollution is not that fearsome, touting the study of the 1969 oil spill in Santa Barbara that revealed "no permanent damage." But others assert that the studies themselves are trivial—not the pollution they purport to scrutinize. The device used to "sample" soil in the industry-financed Santa Barbara study, for example, was a shovel.

One thing is certain. The few oil-pollution effects of which we *are* aware are serious indeed. For example:

- Oil has toxic fractions that, in sufficient concentration, can kill within minutes.
- Oil contains a chemical called benzo-3-4-pyrene, a carcinogen that makes filter feeders such as oysters, clams, and scallops inedible. Moreover, the concentration of the chemical increases as it passes up the food chain toward our platters. Someone in Exxon's public-relations department saw fit to dismiss this danger, writing that "some organisms, such as oysters, are able to eliminate absorbed oil when placed in clean water"—as if these creatures could walk to shore and ask some bather the direction of the nearest faucet.
- Oil is, as many industrial spokesmen insist, biodegradable. But oil is millions of years in the making. And it doesn't disappear overnight. In West Falmouth, Massachusetts, recognizable components of oil spilled in 1969 were found in water samples—and in organisms ranging from one-celled algae to mussels and eels—more than four years later.

It would seem that the public has indeed been misled about the severity of oil spills. But have they been misled, as Governor Ray has suggested, by newspapers whose information is not always totally accurate? Or have they been misled by inaccuracies issued by government officials spinelessly influenced by corporate pressure? Or by the multinationals, which steal the oil from our earth only to dump it into our sea? Do environmentalists protest the waste because, as Governor Ray says, they "hate people"? Or because they respect the rights of their progeny to a fruitful earth, an earth unpolluted by toxins and carcinogens?

Rear Admiral William Benkert, head of the Coast Guard's office of merchant-marine safety, says that in regulating tanker fleets we must not be guided "by pure emotionalism." Does he mean we should dismiss those who are enraged by corporations that are using the sea as a sewer? Should we be attentive instead to the whimpers of those whose fortunes would be somewhat diminished if they could no longer assault the ocean?

THERE is something we can do about the escalating crime against the sea. The recent spate of news stories about oil spills has pricked Congress to attention. Now is the time to deluge U.S. legislators with letters educating them as to the people's—not the pirates'—plans for the fate of their ocean.

We must first demand that flags of convenience be eliminated from our waters.

Then, the U.N. Intergovernmental Maritime Consultive Organization (IMCO) must be given powers similar to those of the International Civil Aviation Organization (ICAO), which regulates air travel. ICAO powers include the promotion of air safety; control over the use of navigable airspace; the making of regulations that deal with the competency of airmen, and design, construction, maintenance, and inspection of navigation systems.

Moreover, we must ensure that IMCO regulate sea traffic the way ICAO regulates air traffic. During the first ten years that the port of Rotterdam used stringent traffic control, accidents decreased more than fourfold, despite the fact that traffic doubled. Properly managed, traffic control could have the same results in every port around the world.

Prosecution of sea violations should be taken out of the hands of the country whose flag the ship is flying and put into an international courtroom.

Finally, as Arthur McKenzie, director of the Tanker Advisory Council, suggests, we must require the same information from tanker owners as the Interstate Commerce Commission requires of the moving-van industry. Moving companies must give prospective clients a vehicle's accident rate, its insurance losses, and its annual breakage figures. Presently, shipowners can give this information at their own discretion. If they were *required* to present it to clients, ships like the *Argo Merchant* would be driven from the seas.

The song of the modern-day Sirens is as damaging as that sung by the mythical creatures. We cannot elude destruction, however, as easily as Ulysses did—by merely stopping up our ears. We must finally bring an end to the song—by doing battle with the Sirens themselves. ◉

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Booked for Travel

Kings, Queens, and a Full House

by Horace Sutton

KALAKAUA AVENUE is a broad Honolulu boulevard that runs through the heart of Waikiki, a beach it was intended to serve in the fashion of the Croisette in Cannes and Collins Avenue in Miami Beach. But, as in Miami, this beachside road has become more like a canyon of concrete, walled by hotels, apartments, stores, restaurants, and offices. The Croisette, for its part, offers a view of the Mediterranean and of the beach, but Kalakaua can no longer provide so luxurious a prospect. Only from its nether limits, on the way to a soldierly line of overhanging Australian pines that lead to residential zones beyond Diamond Head, does it at last open up to provide a fleeting scene of surfers, canoes, and the Pacific itself.

Waikiki has become an international action word signaling palms, paradise, Pacific, and pleasure. It doesn't need any translating, and even along the Riviera, which would seem to have been able to conjure its own dreams, one comes upon a Plage de Waikiki. The other winter's morning, with the sun well up and beaming cooperatively, Waikiki Beach was wall-to-wall bodies—Australian girls in the spare bikinis one sees on Bondi Beach in Sydney, cut by a patternmaker who is either penurious or lecherous, I cannot fancy which; young Japanese honeymooners giving no outward sign of inward feeling—not pleasure, not displeasure, not even wonder; and hordes of Americans who had fled the deep freeze of the Dakotas, the frosted winds off the Texas plains, or who had given up on the snow-parched slopes of western ski resorts.

Honolulans like to say that they don't go to Waikiki anymore, and while they have been saying it for years, not without an edge of snobbism, Kalakaua has in

King Kalakaua, and below, Kalakaua Avenue skirting Hyatt Regency's towers —"an international quarter, a carnival bristling with pitchmen and barkers."

Bettmann Archive

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fact become a passageway through the heart of a foreign enclave. In its present form the boulevard would perhaps have pleased David Kalakaua, for whom it was named. He was the last of the Hawaiian kings, the so-called merry monarch, who ascended the throne in 1874 and set off an era of military trappings and pomp that led eventually, nine years after his election, to a full-fledged coronation for him and Queen Kapiolani. He built himself a palace that remains the sole imperial habitat on American soil.

When the legislature chose Kalakaua to be king, over Queen Emma, the Hawaiians erupted in riot, emphasizing their displeasure by trashing the legislative chamber. The choice of Kalakaua, the Hawaiians felt, was a submission to American pressure. The sugar planters sought favorable liaison with the United States, and Kalakaua didn't disappoint them. A treaty he signed with Washington allowed the planters favorable tariff arrangements for sugar shipped to the mainland and cleared the way for the eventual lease of Pearl Harbor as a naval base.

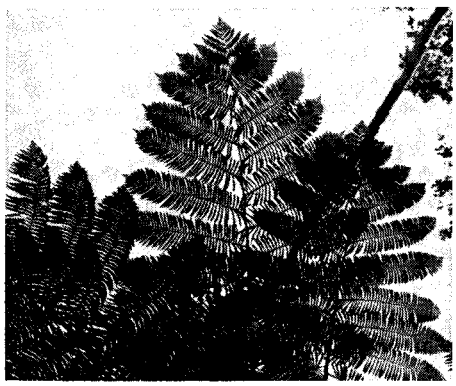
Kalakaua's reign was the turning point that was to bring Hawaii out of its Polynesian dream and thrust it into the spin of commercial society. Queen Liliuokalani, who followed him in 1891, reigned only two years before the monarchy was overthrown. She had tried to restrict suffrage to Hawaiians, but the business interests wanted protection for their investments, and they won outright annexation under McKinley before the century turned. A little more than half a century later, Hawaii was a state, and the last bit of languor was shaken out of Waikiki.

Today this modest strip of sand, with the agreeable combers to attract a backdrop of surfers, is an international quarter, a carnival bristling with pitchmen and barkers. The old Royal Hawaiian Hotel, built in 1927, still pink, is hidden behind low-rise shops and dwarfed by high-rise hotels. Ironically enough, it is Japanese-owned. Even the low-rise structures are destined for destruction, to be replaced by bigger and better concrete piles.

If the Royal is yesterday's Waikiki, today's is the mammoth Hyatt Regency, a 1,260-room, $100 million extravaganza in twin 40-story towers directly across from Kuhio Beach, a corner of Waikiki that has been preferred by chess players because it was thought to be quiet there. The towers are connected by the Great Hall, three stories high and one and a half times the length of a football field. A modest Niagara drops into a street-level pool in the Great Hall, one cascade tumbling three stories and two accompanying falls splashing from the two-story level. A sidewalk café called Harry's Bar serves pastries and coffees in the morning, pastries and crepes in the afternoon, and drinks at other hours.

Conversing at Harry's is like trying to hold a parley alongside a broken water main, but Hyatt's style in lobbies is meant to deliver knockout blows to the pleasure senses and not intended for whispered confidences. There are other places for that. Harry's is, after all, only one of half a dozen or so stations of nourishment on the premises.

Spat's, the most amusing, is done up Twenties-style, the waitresses with cloche pulled down over the ears, long string of paste pearls slung over the neck, and fringe hanging from every available edge



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of fabric, looking as if they had stepped off John Held's drawing board.

The style here, a broad put-on, is Al Capone-renaissance. The menu is shaped like a violin case and the cuisine, which will probably set the Italian-American Civil Rights League on edge, is highly accented Italian. Spat's, which expands into a disco by night, also maintains a private room called The Boss's Office, which is walled with one-way glass; those inside can look out without being seen. A party of six can engage the room for dinner at a cost of $399.95. The down payment also includes an enormous limousine (license plate: SPATS), which will pick up the party in Honolulu and deliver it to the porte cochère of the hotel. There it is met by a swarthy group in full gangster rig, which—violin cases at the ready—escorts the party to tableside.

None of this campy air pervades the restaurant called Bagwell's 2424, which puts on the ritz unabashedly. In a supremely muted salon it serves smoked sturgeon from the Sacramento River and Saratoga eel; *gravlaks*, this year's dish at chic brunches; and *sashimi*, the Hawaiian preference. It likes to serve for groups of four to six, to whom it offers loin of veal Orloff or a crown roast of Wisconsin lamb, either at $60 for four. It can dress up a Kaiwi Channel red snapper by calling it *le rouget Pacifique en papillote*, under which title it can be bartered for $9.50.

Bagwell's is the especial joy of Chris Hemmeter, the thirty-seven-year-old entrepreneur who envisioned the hotel as part of a three-and-a-half-city-block development known as Hemmeter Center. It includes the fantasy of King's Alley shopping center, a bazaar done in vaguely monarchial style. A color guard dressed in uniforms of that time brings down the flag every night, often performing in front of Hyatt's main entrance.

Hemmeter, who dabbled briefly in the deceased World Football League, surfaced in Waikiki at a tender age with a steak restaurant in which the diner was bid to pick his own cut of beef and indicate the size of his steak to the resident butcher. That same arrangement has been installed in The Colony, a steak house inside the hotel where ceiling fans revolve, palms rustle in the fanned breeze, and the furniture looks as if it is anticipating Kipling's momentary arrival.

Hemmeter, who named Bagwell's after his mother's maiden name (2424 is the Kalakaua address of the Hyatt), has honeycombed the lower reaches of the hotel with 80 shops selling shells, jewelry, raiment, and art. A surprise entrant is Blum's of San Francisco, which proffers such potions as Peppermint Drizzles, Gold Rush Sundaes, and Great Banana Bonanzas. The entire menu is translated into Japanese on the flip side.

Japanese guests—and they are many—are also served by an outpost of Furusato that has a *teppanyaki* restaurant in the basement and a *sushi* counter on the sidewalk level, which is to say it is serving grilled meats on the lower floor and raw fish above. In the raw-fish department, the patron is served immediately with tidbits of marinated ginger placed on a long green ti leaf. A picture menu of the offerings is supplied, the language barrier being all but insurmountable, and the deft fingers behind the counter will make upon order such delectables as *kappa*—cucumber sticks rolled in rice and seaweed; *maguro*—red tuna and vinegared rice; *tao*—octopus; *tamago*—a slice of scrambled egg and rice wrapped together in a band of seaweed; and *ikura*—salmon roe similarly embraced.

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The enlivenment of this south end of Waikiki has also attracted other purveyors, who are apparently firm in the belief that after walking past 80 shops and assorted beaneries, the guests at Hyatt will have some change left over. A Chocolate Factory and a Macadamian Nut Factory have opened across the street, the latter dispensing such off-center sweetmeats as Maui-onion-flavored macadamia nuts, macadamia coconut brittle, and macadamia nuts with marshmallows.

"Factory" has become an operative word in Hawaii. On the way to the Kahului Airport in Maui one passes the Coral Factory. And the first sight out of Honolulu Airport the other night was the Tennis Factory. A huge hangar fitted out with courts, it is open 24 hours a day.

This new Hawaii proves an unhinging sight to one just off an airplane from the real world. In my own case it had been a 12-hour rocket straight through from the snow-covered East Coast on Pan Am's new 747SP, the plane it uses for its nonstop Tokyo flight from New York. SP means special performance, the airplane flying faster, higher, and greater distances without refueling than the regular 747, though it is 47 feet shorter. It has an upstairs lounge-restaurant and separate galley, which was not being used on this flight, a once-a-week shot from JFK straight to the Tennis Factory, with one stop in Dallas.

We had been chasing the sun all day, and although we had left New York in midmorning, it was still early evening when the 747SP put down in Honolulu before moving on, thankfully without me, to Pago Pago and Papeete. Once I got to Hawaii's new version of an inn-by-the-side-of-the-road, however, I was exhilarated enough by the waterfalls, the Great Hall, the soaring twin towers, and the swirl of multinational guests to descend to the lounge at Bagwell's for a nightcap. Set apart from the dining room, the lounge is a softly lighted, softly toned, highly upholstered salon quite unlike any corner in any part of Hawaii I had ever known. What with the pianist, Richard Kauhi, giving throat to such dusty ballads as "I'm Old-Fashioned," I found myself, through some sort of jet-warp, thinking I must be on the East Side of Manhattan. On the way out I told the tinkler how much I had enjoyed his songs, and he turned his dark face to me and spoke the thank-you word of the Hawaiians. "Mahalo, mahalo," he said. That snapped me out of it. They don't say that much in New York. ◉

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World Progress Report

Peak Experiences

Our friendly neighborhood electric-power companies used to spend a lot of their energy and our money to stimulate ever higher "peak demand." Peak demand is the trade term for what happens when everyone flips the switch at the same time, causing a tidal wave of current to surge toward the customers and an equal and opposite wave of green currency to flow back to the utility. The power companies themselves have helped to bring on the growing peak-demand crisis: first they encouraged air conditioning, to raise peak demand in the summertime; then they promoted electric heating, to create a corresponding peak in the winter. This strategy has, unfortunately, worked only too well.

Inevitably, growing peak demand has translated into a never-ending need for more and bigger power plants. New power plants, in turn, entail heavy infusions of capital and fuel—and heavy effusions of environmental pollutants. But now that money, fuel, and pollution control have become increasingly expensive, the utilities are rewriting their cost-benefit equations and rethinking the prospect of eternally chasing after peak demand.

As a result, some utilities are turning to sophisticated techniques for moderating peak demand in order to decrease their need for new power plants and standby generating facilities. Wisconsin Electric Power Company, for example, is testing a system called "remote load management," based on a central computer that can briefly turn off power-hungry appliances such as water heaters and air-conditioners in customers' homes and offices during peak-load periods.

The Wisconsin system, designed and built by American Science and Engineering of Cambridge, Massachusetts, is being tested on only the water heaters in 750 homes. The utility anticipates that eventually 75 percent of its 160,000 customers will sign up for the system if it is adopted. If they do sign up, the system's $20 million cost will be added to the utility's rate base, and ultimately to the customers' bills. At the same time, however, the system is expected to save the utility and its customers $14 million worth of new peak generating equipment, plus the fuel to run it. As an added bonus, the remote computer will also read the customers' electric meters.

Kiddie Cuisine

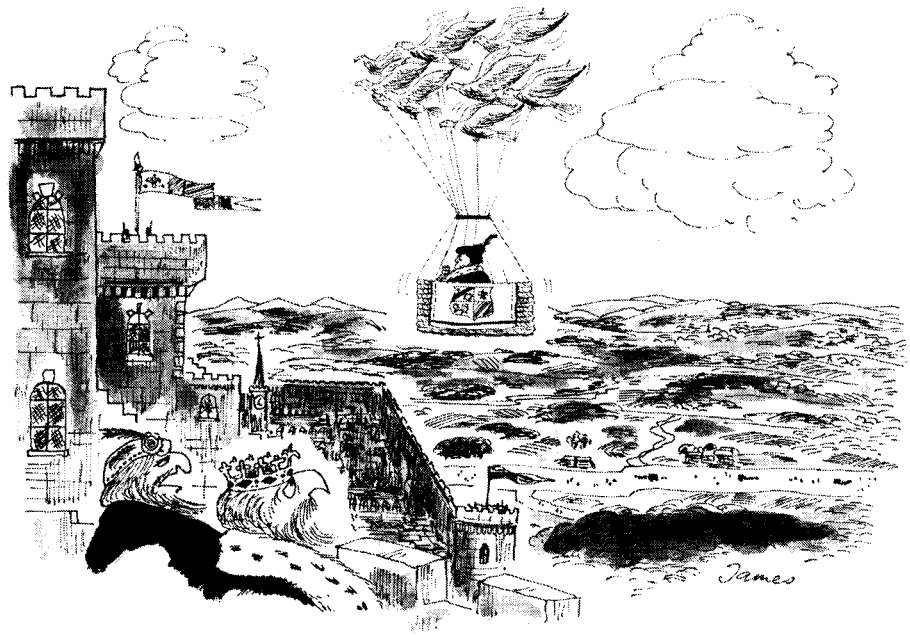
On many supermarket shelves this year there is good news for those nutritionists, nature-food freaks, and mothers who have long complained that prepared baby foods are liberally laced with sugar, salt, artificial colorings, and other nonessentials. Responding to what it hopes is increased consumer concern about good nutrition, as well as to a vogue for foods that don't fool around with Mother Nature, Beech-Nut has introduced an extensive line of baby foods and juices that are totally devoid of additives. Meanwhile, the company has eliminated or reduced the added sugar in more than 130 products in its regular baby-food line.

Critics charge that the extras in most ordinary, souped-up baby foods are inserted for the manufacturer's benefit and to make the products look and taste better to grown-ups. The infants themselves, say the experts, are indifferent to the "improved" colors and tastes. Moreover, many additives are suspected of having harmful side effects. Especially sugar, a steady diet of which gives infants a head start on an all-American habit that leads to later tooth decay, obesity, and other common, sugar-connected ills.

Royal Flush

Growing concern over the quality and quantity of local water supplies in many areas of the United States and other countries has raised the indelicate subject of toilet flushing. According to various water-closet experts, the average toilet uses from four to seven gallons of water per flush, and the average American family flushes more than 35,000 gallons down the toilet every year. Nationwide, a veritable Niagara of water is thus being transferred from freshwater sources to waste-water sewers, from which only time and the combined efforts of nature and man can make it fit for use again.

A new device called a Dual Flush promises to keep up to half of this water from going down the drain. Developed by the Savway Company of Brooklyn, New York, the Dual Flush attaches, with the aid of a screwdriver, to the top edge of a standard toilet tank. Once in place, it creates a two-stage flushing system. An ordinary depression of the toilet handle releases only half the normal water flow. When a full flush is required, the handle is simply held down for a few seconds, an action that overrides the first, limited-flush stage of the system. According to the manufacturer, the Dual Flush can save 40 percent of the bill on metered water systems and cut the maintenance costs for septic systems. —ANTHONY WOLFF



"We're trying out Da Vinci's idea for shuttle diplomacy."

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Top of My Head

Letter from a Traveler

by Goodman Ace

Six months have passed since Viking 1 landed on Mars, and some nervous-Nellie scientists have begun grumbling about the paucity of research information on whether there is life on the red planet.

When Viking 1 mailed us his first pictures from Mars, I sent him a congratulatory fan letter. Today, not surprisingly, I received a reply from him. His letter will explain why there has been no earth-shaking news from Mars:

"Dear G.A.: I would have answered your letter sooner, but between you and me, I've been teed off about my strained relationship with my so-called pals at the Jet Propulsion Lab in Pasadena. Would you believe I haven't heard one word from them in three months? You'd think I hadn't paid my phone bill. I'm out of circ, the forgotten robot.

"And after all I did for them when I first landed here—did everything they told me: 'Take a picture of the terrain . . . that's good . . . how's the weather? . . . take a snapshot of the rocks . . . what's the temperature? . . . now, take your little shovel and dig up a little dirt . . . good boy . . . take a picture of the horizon . . . reach your arm down and put some dirt in your little pail . . . no, don't plant a flag, we'll tell you when . . . now dig up a few little rocks . . .' and so on.

"All that kid stuff, day after day. Then I don't hear from them in weeks. I tried calling them several times—wanted to tell them a startling thing I discovered about the terrain, but they cut me off: 'Don't call us, we'll call you.'

"And to think when I first landed here I was a big celebrity. Front-page headlines all over the world, on TV night and day. I was a bigger TV star than Shirley and Laverne. Suddenly, I'm last Sunday's newspaper. Worse, I'm the herring wrapped in yesterday's obscurity. On TV, I'm preempted by the election and those three great debates. Weren't they great? Or should I ask, Didn't they grate?

"Well, since they started stonewalling me, I've been cruising around doing a little marslighting on my own. And I can tell you that these Martians are so many light-years ahead of us, they make us Earth people look like amateur human beings. For instance, remember those pictures of the terrain I sent that first week, the big rocks and the desolation everywhere? Forget 'em, scratch 'em, tear 'em up. What I really landed on was a gigantic landscape painting, replete with phony terrain, prop rocks, a fake horizon, simulated everything.

"They don't want us ever to know what Mars is really like. I got a peek under that painting—verdant, lush, lakes, waterfalls, and an exquisite profusion of the most colorful plants you ever saw. And pollution is down to zilch. They've got it made here. They want no trespassers.

"That's what I could have told them for openers. Oh, they did call me once the other day, and I told my secretary to put them on hold. They're still holding. Two can play hard to get.

"Well, I let the cat out of the bag about whether there is life on Mars when I mentioned my secretary. Her name is Martia, pronounced Marcia. One look at Martia and you tell me if there's life on Mars! They're celebrating their one thousandth Bimillennial up here. Martia was voted Miss One Thousandth Bimillennial.

"Martia has made life on Mars viable. We sit together and watch TV by satellite, hoping to be able to see me on a rerun. What do we see instead? The tennis matches. Martia liked that. I tried explaining Renée Richards to her. Transsexual meant nothing, so I told her the doctor took this man and made him into a woman. And she laughed gleefully and asked, 'Then the doctor said, "I now pronounce you man and woman"?'

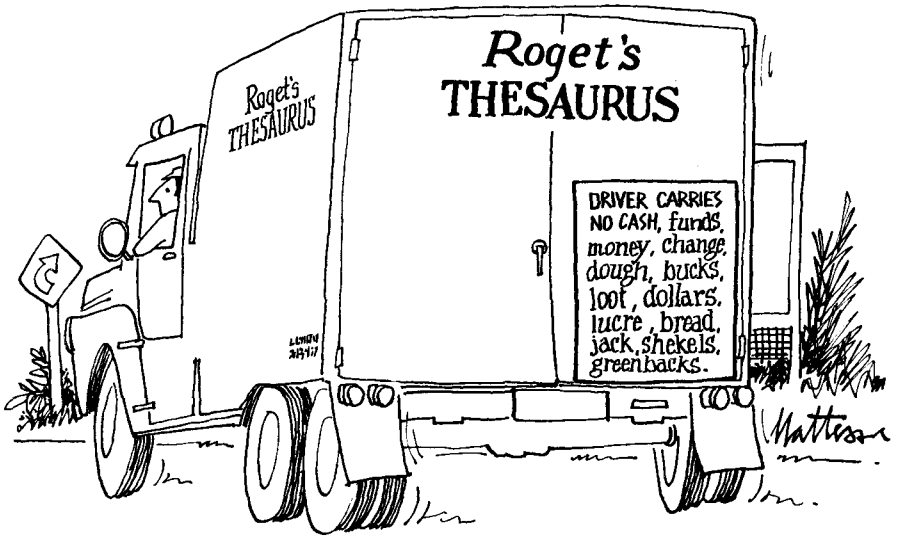
"I told her I may have to go back to earth someday. She said she would go with me, and we could find an apartment and live happily ever after. I told her she wouldn't like it. Didn't have the heart to tell her we wouldn't find a U.S. landlord who would rent to a green person.

"I tried telling her a funny story about a robot, and she said, 'Please, no ethnic humor on Mars.'

"Well, that's life up here. Unemployment is down to one. That's me. And not even one weekly unemployment check from Pasadena. By the way, a year here has 687 days. That's an awful lot of days, but 687 nights with Martia are not nearly enough.

"There's an ugly rumor up here that the Martians are using Martia as a diversionary tactic to keep me spellbound and so busy I'll never have time to tell what Mars is really like. That canard is absolutely and unequivocally untrue. And even if it is true, you know something? I really don't care!

"Stay well, friend. As well as you can with all those mysterious swine-flu shots they were making everybody take. Martia says that was like buying a pig in a poke. . . . Vik." ◉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Curmudgeon-at-Large

Judge Not—That Ye Be Not Reversed

by Cleveland Amory

A JUDGE in Westerly, Rhode Island, not long ago allowed a thirty-three-year-old man to adopt his thirty-two-year-old woman friend. Obviously a Daniel—and we can't think of a better judgment to come to. After all, marriage hasn't been doing all that well lately, and neither, on the other hand, has free love or the live-in thing. If you're a man, you can't actually buy a woman outright anymore—they won't let you. And you can't even be bought. When was the last time you heard of a decent dowry? So what is left?

Clearly, adoption is the viable alternative. It legalizes the man's necessary in-charge feeling—the one he doesn't dare express—and at the same time it also legalizes the woman's being-looked-after thing—the one she doesn't dare express either, or, of course, she'll be read out of the sisterhood.

So what happened to this great decision? Well, if the sad truth be known, the judge later reversed himself. Why? Who knows? Our guess is he talked it over with his wife. And, as any husband knows, when you have to talk something over, it's over.

Cut Line of the Month—as found by Mrs. F. H. Arnold, of Pearsall, Texas, in the San Antonio *Express*:

S. I. Hayakawa, senator-elect from California, talks with Walter Kravitz, left, of the Congress Research Service during a break in a Harvard University-sponsored congressional training program in Cambridge. Hayakawa is napping his way through a series of seminars on legislative process. . . .

Well, that's okay—as long as he gives his colleagues the same privilege when he's speaking.

Sociology Dept.—as speared by Mrs. W. G. Marigold, of Kentucky's Union College, who came across it in the Louisville *Courier-Journal*:

Indications are that a college degree is no longer perceived as an automatic ticket to a good life or assurance of upward social mobility. In fact many students appear apprehensive that their degrees will lead to any kind of employment.

That upward mobility is fraught, all right.

Sales Note—as picked out by Marie Sorenson of De Kalb, Illinois, in the *Daily Chronicle*:

Items available for sale at the Women's Center include books, posters, notecards, periodicals and gift items; all non-sexist with a slant toward women.

Sounds like they're treading a pretty thin line.

Sports News—culled by Stanley Glass of Kings Park, New York, from *The New York Times*:

PHILADELPHIA—Rick MacLeish's second goal of the game, an eight-footer into a vacated net, broke a 2-2 tie.. . . MacLeish took a pass from behind the cage, from Ross Lonsberry, and flipped the puck into the right corner of the net at 6:47 of the second period. The Cleveland goalie, Gary Simmons, had wandered out of the cage and was shot.

Well, he'd left his post, hadn't he?

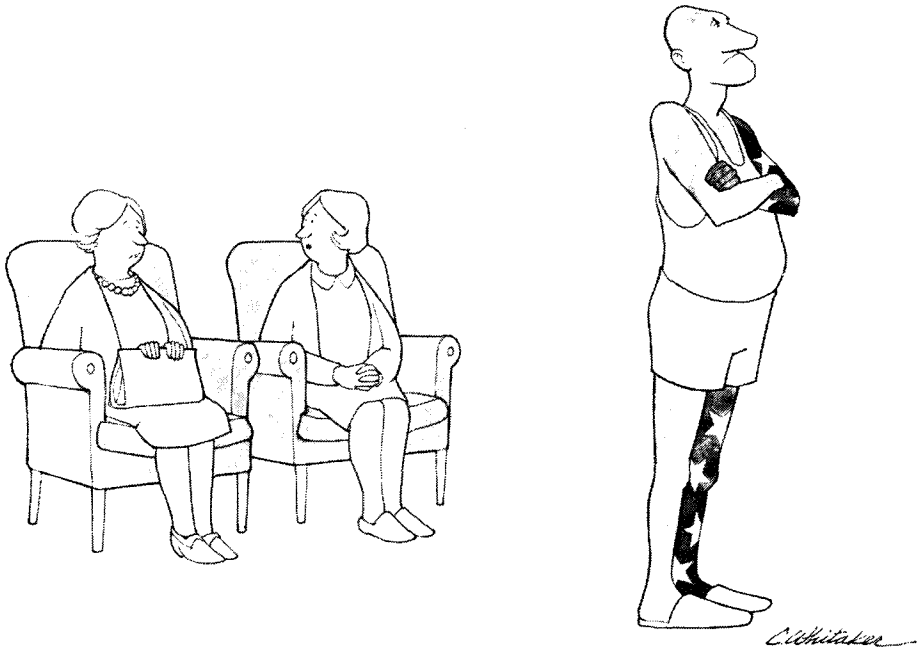
Rear End Note—as located by Bruce Ebanks of Waterloo, Ontario, in the *Kitchener-Waterloo Record*:

TORONTO—Opposition Leader Stephen Lewis took a backsided swipe Friday at Transportation Minister James Snow.

The NDP leader asked the minister to explain his "insufferable cheekiness" in dealing with school boards who request certain extra support for school bus transportation.

He quoted from a report which said the education ministry pays bus transportation grants "on the basis of 13-inch rump space for students up to and including Grade 6, and 16-inch rump space for students over Grade 6."

Now, that *is* upward mobility. ◉



"George's Bicentennial tattoo seemed like a marvelous idea at the time."

Answer to Middleton Double-Crostic No. 116

Glenn R. Vernam:
The Rawhide Years

Buckaroo . . . is . . . the Northwest's version of *vaquero*. As the average working buckaroo's horses were usually inclined to shake out a few kinks on frosty mornings, it was only logical that his mounts should reflect an allusion to his name. Thus we have "buckers" and "bucking."

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Light Refractions

On *-ess*'s, Essential and Non-

by Thomas H. Middleton

I REMEMBER rather hazily that when I was in my early teens I overheard a few of my father's friends talking about one of their classmates from the University of Virginia, who had married a Jewess. I think the implication was that marrying a Jewess was out of the ordinary, but that that was his own business. I don't think they held it against him, but they might have, the times and their backgrounds being what they were.

One thing I'm certain of is that, to me, marrying a Jewess sounded compellingly romantic. I had read *Ivanhoe*, and visions of Rebecca, "the Jewess," were still strong in my mind. I think I had a youthful fantasy of someday marrying Rebecca.

I haven't heard the term *Jewess* used since about 1940, I think. What reminded me of it was seeing Julie Harris as Emily Dickinson in *The Belle of Amherst*. Before I reveal the mental circuitry that led from Julie Harris as Emily Dickinson to *Jewess*, I'll mention parenthetically that Miss Harris was brilliant—so good that, on leaving the theater, I caught myself saying not only "brilliant!" "superb!" and "great!" but "incredible!"

Now, it's one thing to say that a virtuosic performance on the keyboard or a perfect ten in Olympic gymnastics is "incredible!" but *incredible* is an abysmally inept adjective to describe a fine job of acting. Julie Harris was absolutely credible as Emily Dickinson.

One of the peripherally noteworthy things about *The Belle of Amherst* is that in it Emily Dickinson refers to herself as a poetess. I'm sure I haven't heard *poetess* since the late Forties.

By coincidence, a few days before we saw *The Belle*, a friend of mine had told me that his wife, who performs excellent feats of sculpture, had had words at a dinner party with a gentleman who referred to her as a sculptress. She insisted that she was a sculptor. So when Emily Dickinson called herself a poetess, it started me thinking about *-ess*'s, and my thoughts naturally leaped back to the beautiful "Jewess" Rebecca, as well as to my friend's wife who says she is not a sculptress but a sculptor.

I think *Jewess* went out of style because it was felt to be racist, and if a word is felt by enough people to be racist, it *is* racist. So *Jewess* has virtually died out except in dusty volumes of *Ivanhoe*, which hardly anybody opens these days.

Poetess, *authoress*, and now, evidently, *sculptress* are passé because they're sexist. Good riddance. *Poetess*, *authoress*, and *sculptress* are loaded with sexism.

IF WE say that Emily Dickinson was one of America's greatest poetesses, it's like saying that for a woman she was great. There's an implication that she wasn't really playing in the big leagues with the honest-to-God poets.

The same can be said for *authoress* and *sculptress*. In the case of writing, painting, and sculpture, the artistic product stands by itself, and the gender of its creator should be of only secondary interest.

Of course, if we learned that "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" and "The Betrothed" ("And a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke") were not really written by, respectively, Robert Service and Rudyard Kipling but by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the discovery would be of more than secondary interest, but that's bootless fantasy.

I've heard it said that the *-ess* suffix is applied only to minorities and should be done away with. I admit that I can't think of any majority groups to which *-ess* has been applied, but I don't think it necessarily follows that *-ess* should be drummed out of the language. As I've said, in some cases it's virtually disappeared, not to be missed. And among the most endangered minority groups in the world are the princesses, duchesses, countesses, baronesses, and even those darling heiresses. I've never known any of those types, but it saddens me that the inexorable tide of history seems destined to wash them out to oblivion. Some of the stuff of dreams will be washed out with them, along with all their *-ess*'s.

But I would make one exception: *actress*. An actress doesn't present us with an artistic creation apart from herself. She *is* her creation, as an actor is his creation. The creative processes may be similar, but they are essentially woman-creations and man-creations. I wouldn't call an actress an actor any more than I'd call an actor an actress.

While we shed all those unwanted *-ess*'s, let's hang on to this essential *-ess* with a little feeling—rarer and rarer these days—of *vive la différence!* ◉

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TEACHERS — ADMINISTRATORS. Current school, college opening list in U.S. $5.95; abroad $5.95; principal, headmaster openings $4.95; library openings $4.95. Leading placement sources U.S. $3.95; foreign $4.95. EIS, Box 662, Newton, Mass. 02162.

OVERSEAS JOBS—Now hiring, all occupations, high pay, transportation, tax benefits, computerized reports—$2.00. TRANSWORLD, International Airport, Box 90802-W, Los Angeles, Calif. 90009.

EMPLOYMENT!!! U.S.!! Foreign! Skilled, Unskilled, Equal Opportunity. All Fields. Directory, Application, Resume Instructions $3.00. National Information, Department 201, 422 Washington Building, Washington, D.C. 20005.

TEACHER INFORMATION EXCHANGE—the most comprehensive publication of its kind—publishes monthly 60-90 pages of current school/university vacancies. $44/12 months, $30/8 months, $16/4 months, $6/1 month. Box 306-SR, Bainbridge Island, Wash. 98110.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

AUSTRALIA—NEW ZEALAND WANT YOU!! 50,000 jobs! Transportation! Latest information, $2.00. AUSTCO, Box 3623-W, Long Beach, Calif. 90803.

WORK OVERSEAS. Australia, Africa, South America, Europe, etc. Construction, Sales, Engineers, Clerical, etc. $8000 to $50,000+. Expenses paid. For employment information write: Overseas Employment, Box 1011-J. Boston, Mass. 02103.

COUNSELORS—Maine girls' camp. Specialists, all areas. Age—20+. SR Box 2143.

LEADERS NEEDED for 4-6 week summer bicycle-camping trips for teenagers. Applicants must be 21 or older. Write or call Student Hosteling Program of New England, Rochester, Vt. 05767. (802) 767-3297.

EDUCATORS: Openings nationwide. Oxford Associates, Box 5529W, Washington, DC 20016.

CAMP COUNSELOR OPENINGS for Faculty, Graduate Students and Undergraduates (minimum —2 years college). A group of 10 long established camps located in the Adirondacks, N.Y., Berkshires, Mass. & Maine, comprising Boys, Girls, Brother-Sister and Co-ed camps—have openings for qualified counselors in the following areas: 1) All Team Sports and individual athletic activities (including Gymnastics, Riflery, Archery, Fencing, etc.). 2) Waterfront Skills (WSI, Small Crafts, Waterskiing, Scuba). 3) Pioneering & Tripping (Canoe Trips, Mountain Climbing, Overnights). 4) Administrative Skills—Head Counselors, Group Leaders, Program Assistants, Office Personnel. 5) Arts and Crafts. 6) Drama (Theatre Director, Technical Assistant, Piano Accompanist for musicals). 7) General Counselors for younger campers. One application will reach all 10 Directors. Salaries are commensurate with experience and skills. WRITE: (enclose full details as to your skills and experience) TO: Kathy Singer, Counselor Placement, 105 Fairview Avenue, Port Washington, N.Y. 11050.

EDITOR—Midwest based Publisher has an opening for a Book Editor with education/textbook and general trade book experience. Copy editing through final production. Include experience, references, salary requirements etc. in resume to: Ms. Ann Geoghegan, Our Sunday Visitor, Inc., Noll Plaza, Box 920SR, Huntington, Ind. 46750. An Equal Opportunity Employer.

U.S. FIRMS OVERSEAS—Complete information on hundreds of worldwide companies. Outstanding opportunities and advantages. Send $6.97. Global-employ (LNDA), 704 Mira Vista, Huntsville, Ala. 35802.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

HOW TO MAKE MONEY writing short paragraphs. Information free. Barnett, Dept. C-310-A, 6216 N. Clark, Chicago, 60660.

MISEMPLOYED? Start a successful used bookstore! Details, SR Box 1009.

WRITE & SELL short reports for incredible lifetime income. Free details. Gwent, Mancos, Colo. 81328.

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JEEPS $59.30!—CARS—$33.50!—200,000 ITEMS! —GOVERNMENT SURPLUS—MOST COMPREHENSIVE DIRECTORY AVAILABLE tells how, where to buy—YOUR AREA—$2.00—MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE—Government Information Services, Department P-4, Box 99249, San Francisco, Calif. 94109. (165 Cervantes).

SITUATIONS WANTED

THURBER (female) for hire. Judged 'bright, good stock'. 45 years experience. SR Box 2146.

34-YEAR-OLD MALE, 7 years real estate development experience. Excellent presentation. NY Bar. Seeking challenging legal or confidential employment, anywhere. SR Box 2147.

FEMALE BAND DIRECTOR . . . super with people . . . wants interesting summer work. SR Box 2150.

RESEARCHER SEEKING PROJECT WORK. Experience includes research for books, magazines and business reports. SR Box 2151.

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Double-Crostic

by Thomas H. Middleton

						1 L	2 E	3 C	4 O	5 B	6 J	7 S		8 A	9 Z	10 Y	
11 Q	12 V	13 S		14 C	15 D	16 P	17 E	18 F		19 B	20 M	21 L	22 H	23 U		24 X	25 J
	26 W	27 Q		28 L	29 G	30 H	31 N	32 B	33 C	34 R		35 T	36 Z		37 Q	38 L	39 R
40 I	41 G	42 D	43 W	44 S		45 F	46 O	47 U	48 T	49 Z		50 S	51 L	52 Q	53 N	54 I	55 E
56 M	57 U	58 A		59 W	60 A	61 D		62 H	63 B	64 W	65 F		66 O	67 E	68 P	69 V	70 H
71 N	72 T	73 C		74 Z	75 L		76 Q	77 I	78 U	79 J	80 Y	81 E		82 O	83 A	84 V	85 M
86 B	87 N	88 K	89 T		90 L	91 D	92 W		93 K	94 F	95 M	96 V	97 H		98 G	99 W	
100 V	101 R	102 P	103 Y	104 H	105 A	106 E	107 B	108 O	109 F	110 X	111 N	112 J		113 I	114 W	115 P	116 Y
	117 F	118 Z		119 C	120 V		121 I	122 M	123 K		124 P	125 G		126 E	127 Z	128 F	
129 D	130 T	131 A	132 L		133 P	134 V		135 S	136 A	137 K		138 X	139 G	140 M		141 B	142 L
143 W		144 D	145 T	146 J	147 S	148 I	149 P	150 R	151 H		152 R	153 Z		154 L	155 R	156 F	157 K
158 S	159 E	160 A	161 C		162 P	163 T	164 Q	165 V	166 H	167 S	168 L	169 X	170 U	171 M		172 J	173 O
174 R		175 E	176 H	177 X	178 Q		179 G	180 V	181 N		182 E	183 D	184 O	185 V	186 M	187 C	188 L
	189 G	190 Q	191 X	192 H		193 A	194 T	195 P	196 U		197 C	198 J		199 S	200 L	201 G	202 I
	203 R	204 M	205 B	206 H		207 Y	208 F	209 C	210 R	211 P							

Number 117

Instructions

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Heebie-jeebies (comp.)	8 60 83 105 131 136 160 193 58
B. Assigns the care of	63 86 107 205 5 19 32 141
C. The element that vivifies or animates anything	161 209 14 33 119 187 197 3 73
D. Vocabulary	129 144 183 15 42 61 91
E. Systems, configurations	106 126 2 55 159 175 67 81 182 17
F. Blackjack (comp.)	18 45 65 94 117 156 208 109 128
G. Fanned, sifted	179 41 98 125 139 189 201 29
H. Elaborated to excess, excessively excited	30 166 206 22 62 97 70 104 151 176 192
I. Eurasian perennial herb related to wormwood	202 77 148 113 121 40 54
J. Obtains release from (2 wds.)	172 6 146 112 25 79 198
K. "Melting melodious words, to _____ of amber" (Herrick, "Upon Julia's Voice")	88 93 123 137 157
L. Red herring (2 wds.)	188 28 51 38 75 142 168 200 1 90 154 21 132
M. Expressed explosively and incoherently	171 20 122 140 186 204 56 85 95

CLUES	WORDS
N. Belts, whacks, clobbers	31 53 71 87 111 181
O. Small, dark-blue trout of Maine lakes	46 4 173 184 66 82 108
P. Mad, frenzied, wildly exciting (comp.)	115 149 68 102 124 162 16 133 195 211
Q. "I have almost forgot _____ of fears," says Macbeth (2 wds.)	164 190 27 11 37 76 178 52
R. Happening or about to happen (3 wds.)	101 150 174 155 39 203 152 210 34
S. Wink or blink rapidly	44 167 50 199 158 135 147 7 13
T Temporary inactivity	194 35 48 89 130 145 163 72
U. "The sea beneath _____" (2 wds.; Bridges, "The Cliff-Top")	47 196 78 57 170 23
V. Pertaining to the brain	96 134 185 120 69 12 180 84 165 100
W. Gaunt	64 43 59 26 99 143 114 92
X. One of the Ionian Islands	169 24 138 177 110 191
Y Relinquishes, grants, transfers	103 80 207 116 10
Z. Saint, founder of Christian monasticism	9 49 74 127 118 153 36

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 116* appears on page 58.

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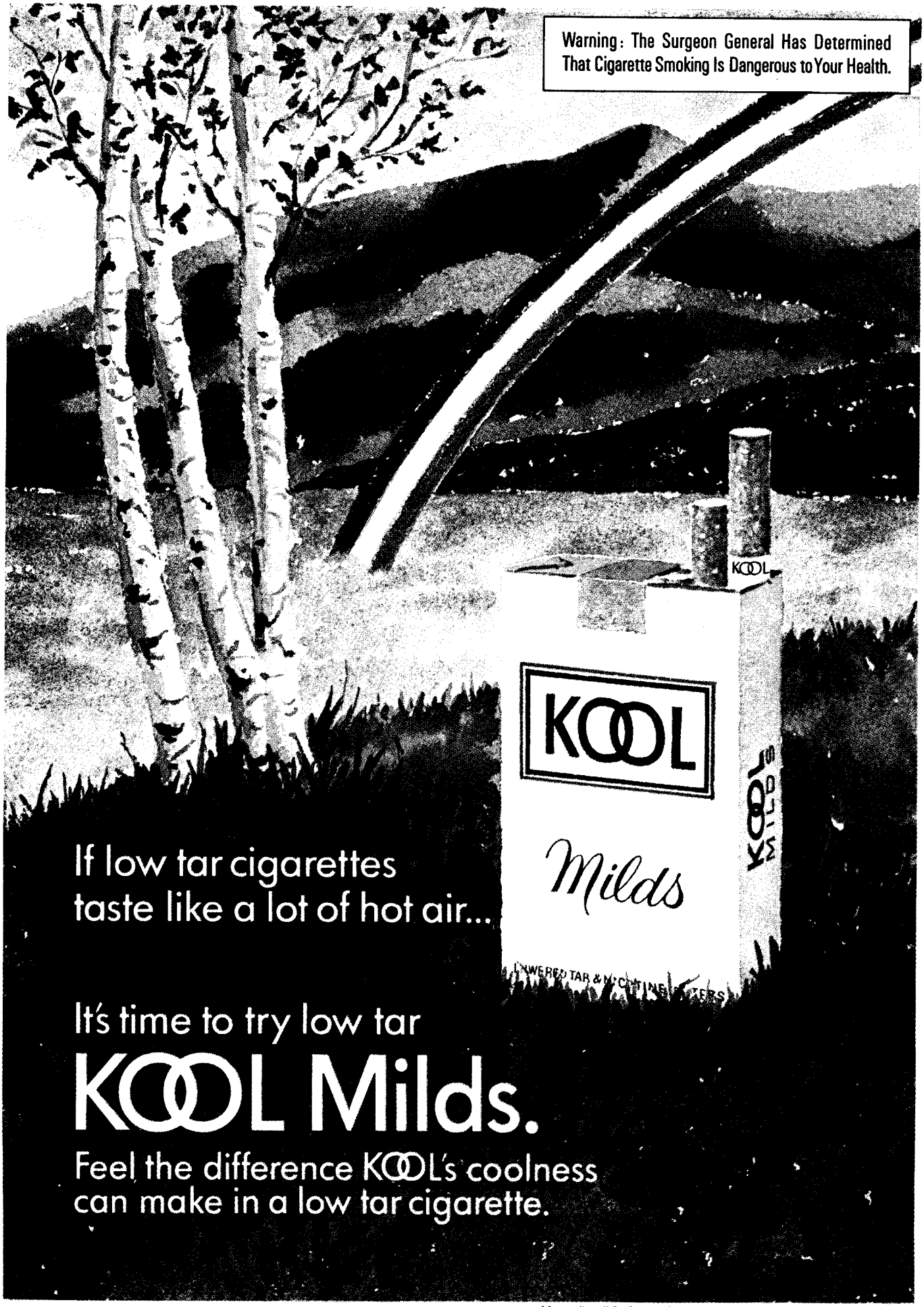
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MICHAEL SANDLOFER

HOME: Nyack, New York

AGE: 28

PROFESSION: Commercial deep-sea diver and lecturer in underwater life cycles

HOBBIES: Marine specimen collecting, skydiving.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "The Frail Ocean" by Wesley Marx

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Established "Northwind," a nautical sea museum in Nyack, New York.

QUOTE: "As the final earthly frontier, the sea is the ultimate source of food and minerals. Man must learn to harness its power in a positive way, and be able to replace whatever is removed from it."

PROFILE: Inquisitive. Devoted to expanding man's knowledge of the ecological potentials of the world beneath the sea.

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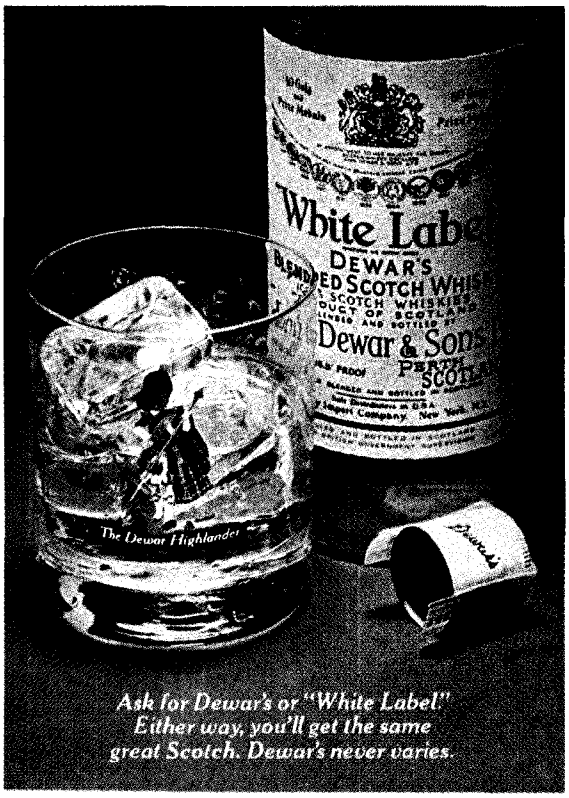

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